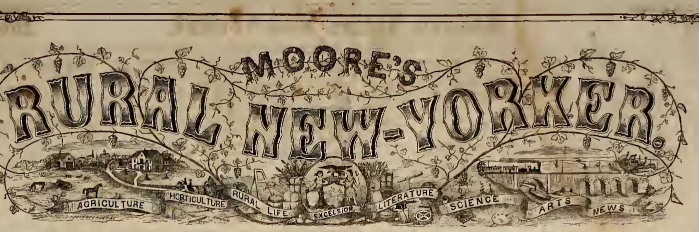
MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XII. NO. 22.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861. {WHOLE NO. 594.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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AGRICULTURAL.

PREPARING WOOL FOR MARKET.

THOSE who have read this journal from its commencement, are aware that both editors and correspondents have now and again urged wool growers to exercise great care in preparing their wool for market. It was argued, with some degree of confidence, that dealers would discriminate in favor of clean wool, put up in good order — and hence that, aside from moral obligations, it was the *interest* of every producer to avoid any deception. But this position proved erroneous, for purchasers would not discriminate; and the result was that those who were careless and slovenly (not to say dishonest) obtained about the same prices as were paid the most careful and painstaking. Of course this treatment was not calculated to lead to reform or improvement in washing and putting up wool, and it is not surprising that farmers neglected care and neatness when they were so little appreciated.

Finding that dealers were so careless in making their selections and purchases — paying about the same for an article put up badly as that in the best condition — we last year concluded to omit any special advice or admonitions to wool growers on the subject, in the belief that purchasers would ere long discover that *they* must themselves adopt a different course in order to institute reform among the producers. For this omission we were taken to task by a dealer, and how we responded is related in the following paragraph from the RURAL of the 4th of August last:

"A few days ago we were accosted by a wool buyer in the street, substantially thus — 'Why don't you *blow up* the farmers about the ridiculous manner in which they put their wool. They take no pains to have the fleeces clean and nice, and put in all the dirt possible. In fact,' he added, 'I don't believe there is an honest farmer in the State!' To this salutation we simply replied that we had, until this season, annually enjoined farmers to take pains in preparing their wool for market, but finding that *dealers made no discrimination* in favor of those who were particular, but by their course *actually paid a premium for carelessness,* if not dishonesty, we had offered no advice on the subject. To the sweeping charge of dishonesty, we retorted that the purchasers were mainly at fault — for, inasmuch as they would not discriminate, wool growers could not be expected to take special pains for their exclusive benefit. This 'flea in the ear' of our interlocutor brought him to his senses, and he admitted that we were right — that some of his agents had really paid as much for poor, dirty lots of wool, as for good, clean ones! Meeting another dealer, soon after, we inquired of him on the subject, and he averred, unhesitatingly, that our position was correct — adding that the rivalry among buyers, and their anxiety to purchase, was such that proper discrimination was rarely made, and of course farmers had no inducement to be careful or painstaking. Hence we infer that the dishonesty is mainly attributable *to purchasers,* rather than *producers,* and hope the former will be *fleeced* until they adopt the *practice* of paying, as they should, a good price for a nice, clean article, and less for that which is foul or inferior. 'Reform it altogether,' gentlemen."

Now, it affords us some degree of pleasure to learn that wool dealers and manufacturers are beginning to realize that *their course* is susceptible of reform — indeed that they have resolved "to employ no agents to buy except those who can detect and discriminate between merchantable and unmerchantable wool," &c., as stated in the subjoined communication from an apparently irate Boston gentleman. If those who, to a great extent, control the wool market and make the prices, will adhere to the position taken by our correspondent, we have little doubt the evil complained of may soon be remedied. Having removed the beams from their own eyes, the motes will soon disappear from the visual organs of the wool growers, and amicable relations be again established. When dealers talk about their own "unwise and foolish operations," and moreover promise reform during this "great reformatory year in the political and moral world," we suggest that producers who may be at fault can safely follow their example in the matter of repentance, and also as regards assurances of future good conduct. But while we exhort wool growers to second the efforts of dealers toward instituting thorough reform in preparing their staple for market, we need scarcely remark that our correspondent is evidently disturbed by other causes than the one which is the special burden of his complaint. The losses of dealers for a year or two past are not mainly attributable to the evil for which a remedy is sought, and hence what is said about prospects and prices may be taken with some degree of allowance. That wool will not rule as high this season as last, is conceded, but how much less it will bring remains to be decided. We shall endeavor to keep our readers advised as to the state of the market, and the prospect. Meantime the attention of all interested is invited to the article of our Boston correspondent, which concludes with some timely and valuable suggestions.

TO WOOL GROWERS.

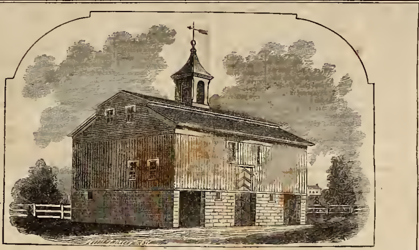
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As the time is near when the farmers are to prepare their annual clip of wool for market, will you permit one who for thirty-five years has been mostly engaged in growing, buying and manufacturing this staple article in the Free States, to make a few remarks, and state some facts for their consideration, through your valuable journal. No one will gainsay, that for the last two years the wool growers have, for various causes, obtained exorbitant prices for their wool,—from four to fifteen cents per pound above its true value to the manufacturers. Hence, dealers and local speculators have met with severe losses in handling their wool during these years, especially the one now closing; and for all these foolish and unwise operations, the farmers have had a profitable harvest, without being in any wise to blame for these losses, except the growing habit with many of them, of neglecting their wool by putting it up in bad condition. Now, for this unwise and foolish practice, all those who annually pay out their money for wool, most earnestly call for a reform in these matters; and believing this to be a great reformatory year in the political and moral world, I am sure this is the very one to bring about such a result. I speak knowingly and advisedly, when I say that a general and universal complaint upon this subject is now prevalent with all manufacturers and dealers; and there is now a fixed determination to purchase no wool except such as is put up in good condition and properly handled.

The unusually large stocks of domestic and foreign wool now in our markets, selling from twelve to twenty-five per cent. loss, together with the fact that no woolen goods are selling except for army use, with the certainty of an increase of our domestic clip over last year of some four millions, and at least a decrease of one-third in the use of the raw material by our home manufacturers, render it morally certain that the wool growers this season cannot but anticipate low figures for their clip; hence the importance of putting up their wool in excellent condition, in order to obtain anything like remunerative prices. It is now probable that all those who continue the foolish practice of putting up their wool in bad order, will have the satisfaction of adding their second clip to it before finding a market for such wool. The ultimate cause that produced the great excitement last season, and which caused wool in the country to advance eight cents per pound in as many days, (while it remained in all our cities unchanged, in domestic and foreign,) was the fact that money was abundant, together with an unusual desire and eagerness with dealers and local speculators, and also with the manufacturers and even wool growers themselves, to purchase all the wool as soon, and even before it was taken from the animals' backs; consequently this brought armies of inexperienced buyers into the field, who would pay the same price for wool that would shrink in preparing for the cards, at least one-half, as they would for the same grade that would waste in the same process only one-third. This state of things led many to resort to unjustifiable means in putting up their wool as heavy as possible; some by half washing, some by letting their flocks run from three to five weeks after washing, and others by stuffing each fleece with unwashed tags and dead wool, others by scraping from the floor where the sheep were shorn, all the dirty, filthy locks, together with manure and dirt, and placing it in the inside of fleeces,—and then, to cap the climax, wind around each fleece from one to two hundred feet of twine, not unfrequently making the fleece weigh from one to two pounds more than it should in merchantable condition.

Henceforth these frauds will not be tolerated, and all that is necessary to remedy the evil in full, is to employ no agents to buy except those who can detect and discriminate between merchantable and unmerchantable wool at once; and if they cannot, just hold them responsible to make good all such on which they get no allowance from the seller, and let this be taken from their commissions, and *interest* will soon teach them to judge accurately, and look to these matters. Wool buying is a trade as much as manufacturing, and to judge accurately on the shrink of wool requires close discrimination; and this with our domestic wool is of vastly more importance than judging more closely on grades, for the great suffering by our manufacturers is the waste in sorting and cleansing their wool.

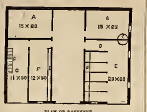
It may not be improper for me to remark here that I bought, in Western New York, last season, some 400,000 pounds of fleece wool. In doing this, I employed no less than fifteen agents, and notwithstanding the unwearied pains I took in examining and cautioning them to avoid all unmerchantable wool unless they got one-third allowance on all such, they still, in the rush of buying, got a large amount of this kind of wool. As 300,000 pounds of it was purchased for Pacific Mills and for de laine purposes, when their agent, Mr. HOLMES, graded and delained it, he threw from the lot over 30,000 pounds of unmerchantable wool, on which one-third discount should have been allowed by the growers; but on referring to the bills of my agents, only a little over fifteen hundred pounds had been allowed—making an actual loss of some $4,000 to the parties interested in paying for the wool. Now, I am fully resolved, with hundreds of others with like experience, to suffer no more such frauds hereafter, and feeling perfectly friendly to the wool growers in general, I have thus been perfectly free and frank in making these statements and remarks, with a hope that a knowledge of these facts will stimulate all to use due care and precaution in bringing about a remedy so much desired. Hence, to aid in these matters, permit me to suggest the following rules to be observed:—First, before washing, tag your sheep and sell the tags to pedlers, or get them worked for family use. Second, wash immediately after a rain; if not convenient to do this, take your flock to the water and dip each sheep in till you go through the lot, then commence washing on those first dipped, and wash till the water runs clear. Third, after washing, drive to a clean grass pasture, and, if dry weather, then commence shearing in four days, and never let them run over six or eight days at most; if rainy so as to delay, get your sheep under cover, and keep them in a close place a few hours, and they will soon dry from animal heat. Fourth, shear in a good clean place, and keep all dirt and filth away from the wool; do up the fleeces sheared side out, use the small twine, neglect the large wholly, do not roll them too tight, and pass the twine round each fleece from two to four times, being sure to trim all loose ends of the twine from every fleece, as these on the wool make it appear very bad. Fifth, pack your fleeces in a clean, light place, and put all unwashed and heavy buck's fleeces by themselves; then the buyer can see all your wool at once, without handling but little, and be prepared to make you an offer. Keep your wool out of all hogsheads and boxes, for in them it always shows bad. If you follow these instructions, be assured your wool will sell.

Boston, May, 1861. AMMI WILLARD, Wool Agent.



PREMIUM PLAN OF BARN—PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

IN accordance with the promise made in the RURAL of May 4th, (in answer to a request then given,) we re-publish from a former volume the Barn Plan which was awarded the second premium under our offer. We think this plan adapted to the wants of many of our readers.

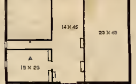


PLAN OF BASEMENT.

A, Tool Room; B, Root Cellar; C, Cistern; D, Hall; E, Horse Stable; F, Cow Stable; G, Open Shed; a, Mangers; e, Feed Box; c, Stairs.

This barn is situated in the town of Wheatland, Monroe Co., N. Y., on the farm of IRA ARMSTRONG, by whom it was built, in the year 1855. It is located upon a level piece of ground, the entire building being above the surface. The size of the structure is 45 by 60 feet.

THE BASEMENT STORY is built of stone, and is nine feet high, with 19 stalls for cattle, and a place to throw manure out into the open apartment where it can be preserved under cover. This open apartment, or shed as it is sometimes called, is 11 feet wide by 30 deep, and is marked G on the ground-plan. There is a large *Root Cellar* opening into the main hall or carriage floor, fifteen by twenty-three feet, convenient to both horse and cow stables. A black board on wall of carriage floor, is very convenient for writing down amount of feed, &c. The horse stable has conveniences for six horses, with a cistern of water holding some 500 barrels. All stock can be watered without going out of the barn in coldest weather of the season. The cistern is covered with red cedar, 10 inches thick; sides of cistern are stone, and plastered. There is also a large *Store Room* for tools and implements, large enough to house all the farm implements.



PLAN OF MAIN FLOOR.

A, Granary, with openings for passing grain below, between this and the bay is a hall. The barn floor is large, with two openings for passing hay and feed below, for use in the stables, and on the right is the large Bay, 23 by 45 feet, in which may be stored an immense amount of grain or hay.

THE MAIN FLOOR contains a *Granary*, large, and conveniently divided and arranged. From it are spouts leading to the *Carriage Floor* of basement, so that the contents of the granaries can be received into a wagon below, or used otherwise, as may be convenient. There are two large bays, a large barn floor, 14 by 45. The *Stables* are supplied easily through trap-doors from the main floor, as shown in the plan. The scaffolds are reached by movable ladders, which may be changed to any locality desired.

The windows of basement are supplied with pulleys, so as easily to be moved, and ventilate the entire lower floor.

THE OUTSIDE FINISH is with good matched stuff, battened to the eaves, and the gable-ends are clapboarded. The whole is finished with three coats of white paint.

THE CARRIAGE WAY is on the south side of the building, and is made of easy grade, whilst the floor of the barn upon the south side is about 10 feet from the ground. This makes it convenient in stacking straw after threshing.

This barn is so arranged that all parts are easily accessible; and when once in the building, you can get to any part with ease. There is so much room that all the crops can be housed with ease, and with little labor.

THE YARD is supplied with water from a well about 80 rods off, by a syphon.

The builder was CORNING MARTIN, of Avon, N. Y., and the cost about $1,500.

—In a future number we will republish the plan for which our third premium was awarded.

FLAX CULTURE IN CANADA.

SEVERAL times have we called the attention of our readers to the importance of Flax culture, a crop much neglected in this country. While the weevil was committing its ravages unchecked, we urged the substitution of flax, at least to a limited extent, and had our farmers heeded such counsel, the mischievous weevil might have accomplished some good, as well as a good deal of evil. In the proceedings of the April meeting of the *Chemico-Agricultural Society* of Ulster, Ireland, the subject of Flax growing in Canada was introduced by Mr. ROBERT M'CREA, who had recently visited the United States and the British Provinces. It appears that the flax spinners of Ireland find it difficult to obtain a supply of the raw material, and Mr. M., although a flax grower and not a manufacturer, while in this country, had an eye to the supply of this want. He says he observed in one particular district in Canada a great number of fields of good looking flax, and he found, on inquiry, that they were taken from the farmers by the Messrs. PERIM, who were Germans, and who had erected a scotch-mill in the locality for the purpose of scotching the flax. The year before last they had upwards of 600 acres of flax under cultivation, and last year they had upwards of 1000 acres. Now, it struck him, in looking at that flax, that if it were grown in a place where it could be properly steeped and scotched, it might be a great matter to the flax spinners of the north of Ireland, to whom he attributed the prosperity of Ulster. He felt an interest in the subject—not as a flax-spinner himself, for he was none—but as a flax-grower, which he was; and one might expect that the question might, therefore, militate against himself as a flax-grower. When in Upper Canada, he went with his brother, who was living in that country, to visit Messrs. PERIM's establishment, where he found that the flax used by them, instead of being steeped, as was the practice in this country, was dew-rotted—that was, rotted by the heavy dews at night, and afterwards dried by the sun. The flax was allowed to ripen very much, and the over-ripening and want of steeping accounted sufficiently for the difference in the quality; but he believed there could be as good flax grown in Canada as there could be in Ulster, for the capabilities of Canada as a flax-growing country had not been properly brought out. It was to state that fact to those interested in the subject that he had come to the meeting; and, without wishing to prevent parties attempting to procure flax in India, he thought that the manufacturers might be able to get a portion of their flax from Canada. It would, no doubt, require a good deal of time before a large quantity of flax could be cultivated in Canada. What he had to suggest was, that the manufacturers of Ulster should send out an intelligent person to inspect the establishment of Messrs. PERIM, and then to purchase some flax fields in a locality where there was good water, in order to test the question as to the cultivation of flax in that country. It was of importance that plenty of good water should be in the locality, for the water made a material difference in the quality of flax. On his own farm he grew, last year, four acres and a half of flax, and for a portion of it he got £5 per cwt., whilst for another portion, which had been steeped in other water, at the distance 1½ miles from his place, he could only get £3 2s. 6d. per cwt. He mentioned that in connection with his remark about water in Canada, because a field of flax which might be worth, in one township, having good water, £10 per acre,

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would not be worth £5 to another where the water might be impregnated with various acids, which would injure the quality of the flax. It would not cost much for the manufacturers of Belfast to send out a competent person to Canada to try the experiment, and see how far it might be advisable to attempt the cultivation of the flax in Canada. The flax prepared in the establishment of the Messrs. Perrin was principally spun to make shoemakers' thread. In Boston the shoemaking trade was carried on to a great extent. The shoes and boots manufactured there were sent to all parts of the States, and even to South America. Ship loads of shoes and boots were sent off from Boston from time to time; and it was to supply them for that trade that the flax in Canada was principally used. It was also used for sail cloth, and such coarse fabrics. He believed that the flax in Canada, if properly prepared, would be as good as could be produced in this country. He would recommend at first the flax not to be ripened too much, with the view of saving the seed; for when the flax was allowed to ripen to such an extent, the fibre was not so fine or so useful as an article for spinning.

In answer to inquiries, Mr. M. said that the land in Canada would grow excellent flax, and the water was as good for rotting as any in Ireland. He also expressed the opinion that the scarcity of labor was no objection, as machinery could be used to a great extent in preparing flax, and the flax crop came in between hay and wheat harvest. The proposition to send an agent to Canada to advance this interest was received with general favor. We hope our readers, not only in Canada, but in the States, will wake up to this interest. In conclusion, Mr. M. exhibited some Illinois soil, and described the way in which wheat was cut and harvested on some of the large prairie farms.

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WINTERING SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having noticed an article in your excellent paper of May 11th, on the subject of Wintering Sheep, I trust, in answer thereto, you will give an insertion to the following remarks, though it is late in the season to discuss the question:

I have been a constant reader of your valuable journal, and have paid particular attention to the thoughts of others recorded in your paper under this head; and having had some experience in sheep raising and wintering, I deem it not amiss to impart my experience. I was brought up east of the Hudson, among the hills, where the practice among farmers in the preparation of fodder, was to top the corn stalks, and when properly cured, to stack them on the highest place in the field, where the sheep for wintering would be driven and kept for feeding therefrom without grain. In this way my father managed with very great success. Those of his flock that had lambs, were in good heart, and the lambs vigorous and smart, while those without lambs, after shearing, were fit for the butchers, who were generally after them.

The more range or proper liberty sheep have in the winter, I deem the better. To keep sheep fenced or too circumscribed in the winter, is detrimental to their health. There should be a place or shelter for them, in stormy weather and for night, leaving it optional for the sheep to seek it or not; for they are in this particular like a turkey — they want their liberty. My father, who was a very successful sheep grower, never allowed shelter for them.

The mode of preparing corn stalks, since I have been here, is to cut them at or near the ground, into which practice I have fallen, and then, like my father, usually stack them in the field, and feed from it. This has been my course, although on a rather small scale, for about twenty-five years — my flock ranging from ten to over sixty. My present flock of forty, including wethers, ewes, and yearlings, all fare alike through rain and storm, and are fed from the stack, not having driven them up once on account of storms. The ewes are now having their lambs — both ewes and lambs being fine and healthy. My sheep ran at large and among my cattle, faring the same, feeding once a day stalks, and letting them eat as much straw as they would. I sometimes gave hay once a day and managed the same as with the stalks as long as the straw lasted, but I gave them no grain. I think my sheep have been wintered cheaper than those of my brother farmers, referred to in the said number of May 11th.

When the sheep are not fed grain, I always find their lambs finer and stronger. My sheep are now fine and healthy, and not inferior to any. In market, their wool brings as much as my brother farmers'. You may look upon the shearing as rather light, but of late years the average has been five pounds a head, and last year the average was five and a half pounds. My flock last year was 30, and the wool in market on an average yielded me $2.50 a head. WM. J. TRIP.

Macedon, N. Y., 1861.

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GRAVEL IN OXEN — A REMEDY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—During the latter part of March I had a very noble ox taken suddenly sick, giving signs of great pain and an evident desire to discharge urine. Frequent pulsations of the Urethra, (always observable when cattle are voiding their urine,) were noticed, which continued for several hours, the ox frequently lying down or standing in a stretching posture. After twelve hours, the pain with which he was first taken appeared to somewhat abate, but there was no discharge of urine. Various remedies were administered,—such as spirits of nitre in large quantities, and liquor of pumpkin seeds,—but all of no avail. On the eighth day my ox died. He remained standing until he drew his last breath, when he fell to the ground. Not a muscle was noticed to move after his fall.

Upon a post mortem examination, the cause of his death was very apparent. It was, as I had supposed, an obstruction of the Urethra. A stone had formed in the bladder, and passed down the natural channel of discharge until it reached the cod; here it became lodged, shutting up all passage for the escape of urine. The stone, which was of an oval, oblong shape, was not larger than an ordinary cranberry bean. It is composed of lime, similar in appearance to the crust collected on the inside of tea-kettles, but was covered with a membranous substance, doubtless formed after it became lodged, in consequence of inflammation taking place.

Since losing my ox, I have learned of several that have died of the same cause. Also, of two cases where cures have been effected in the following way: When you are sure there is an obstruction, the animal should be thoroughly examined by feeling the whole length of the Urethra, if possible, to ascertain where the obstruction is. But if you fail to find where the obstruction is located, make an incision into the Urethra where the pulsation I have spoken of is observed. If then the animal does not discharge his urine, you may be sure the obstruction is higher up, and so large that it cannot pass down the natural channel. This may be removed by inserting a catheter and crowding it back. If the difficulty is below the incision, the animal may ever after continue to discharge the urine from the orifice made, without any detriment to the health of the animal. There is a case of this kind near here, which has been in this situation for three years. JOHN I. KNAPP.

Adrian, Mich., May, 1861.

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SEED CORN MIXTURE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue, Vol. 12, No. 17, Mr. KENDALL gives a mixture in which to roll seed corn to prevent its too early sprouting. Since Mr. KENDALL is an older and more experienced man than myself, I do not wish in an *ipse dixit* manner to contradict his way of treating seed-corn, but only to produce a reliable, practical fact to the contrary, disapproving of his plan, which may be of some materiality to many persons. He says, "Three pints of common gas tar, thoroughly stirred into a bushel of seed corn, until every grain receives a coating of the tar, and then the whole mixed with plaster, wood ashes, or dry loam, until it is no longer sticky, is the best possible preparation for seed corn."

Now, any person possessing only proficiency in the rudiments of Chemistry would immediately deduce that corn with a tar coating would, in all likelihood, not sprout at all, since the tar has a strong disposition to entirely exclude the oxygen of the air, which is indispensable to make the seed sprout.

Here, at Farm School, a certain portion of corn ground in 1860 was planted with corn, previously rolled in the identical mixture prescribed by Mr. KENDALL, and the consequence was that full three weeks passed before Mr. corn made his exit from the ground — and, what is more lamentable, only about one-half ever did come to the surface; so that it had to be replanted, which is a very provoking operation to the farmer.

Another plot was planted with the *clear* corn a week later, and this came up a week earlier than the plaster and tar rolled corn. The students, with their lively fancy, styled this "delinquent plat" the *tarred and feathered corn*, and indeed this expression became quite proverbial over the neighboring country.

Mr. KENDALL remarks, also, that it is a good protection against the depredations of the "cut-worm," insects, &c.; still the havoc they would have created among the raw corn would not, in our case, have equalized the loss sustained by planting tar-coated corn. F. H. S.

Farm School, N. Y., 1861.

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FARMING AND VOLUNTEERING.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Reading an editorial in a late number of the RURAL, headed "War and Agriculture," I thought there was a great deal of truth in it, and many good hints for us in the West to till and sow as large an area of land as possible, under the present state of things, as probably all will be needed. There are not a few farmers who have all of their last year's crop of wheat on hand, yet waiting for the "mighty dollar." Present circumstances indicate that they will realize it. It can hardly be expected that our wheat crop will be as heavy as that of last season, but there is a greater quantity sown this spring than ever. According to statistics, this county alone (Fond du Lac) raised over two million bushels of wheat last year.

We have already raised twelve companies of volunteers in this county—936 men, and many more are ready if needed. So far our companies have been formed mostly of young, unmarried men, and but few who produce grain. Our Governor says we farmers ought to stay at home and raise the necessaries of life for the numerous army that will be called to the field of action. He says there are men that follow other occupations who can go, and that we can do as much good fighting in the harvest field as in the battle field. OSCAR BREAY.

Near Fond du Lac, Wis., May 17, 1861.

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Rural Spirit of the Press.

Mixing Soils—An Experiment.

A. A. PIERCE writes to the *American Agriculturist*, detailing an experiment of this character, as follows:—"I had a piece of ground which had become reduced by a succession of crops, so that it produced only five hundred pounds of hay to the acre. I wished to dig a cellar under my barn, and concluded to try an experiment with the earth which was taken out. I measured off one acre of the field above mentioned, and drew the earth from the cellar upon it, covering the piece to the depth of two or three inches when it was evenly spread. This was turned under the same autumn, to the depth of six inches. The next spring it was harrowed thoroughly, and one-half planted to potatoes, and the other half sown to oats. The result was one hundred and twenty-five bushels of potatoes, of as fine a quality as I ever raised, and thirty bushels of oats. I again plowed it in the autumn, going two inches deeper than the previous plowing. In the spring I thoroughly mixed and pulverized the soil, and sowed to wheat, and seeded to clover and timothy grass. I had a stout growth of straw, but owing to the weevils, the yield was but fifteen bushels of wheat. I have since cut two tons of hay to the acre for two years. I think the four crops have well paid me for the trouble of trying the experiment, and the result has been, thus far, quite as good as though I had applied thirty loads of manure to the land. The soil was clayey; the earth applied was a yellow loam. I think the mixing of soils, as clay upon sand, or sand upon clay, will prove of great benefit where the materials for making an abundance of manure are scarce."

The Mangel Wurzel.

E. C. BRIGHAM has written an article upon the culture of this root, to the *New England Farmer*, from which we make the following extract:—"This root will grow on almost any good soil, but I prefer a deep sandy loam, and the more free from weeds the better. Plow well, nine or ten inches deep, and break lumps thoroughly with the harrow and bush. Then begin on one side, and, with a horse plow, make five *deep* furrows, as *straight* as a line, and just three feet apart. Fill those furrows with stable manure or good compost, at the rate of twenty-five to forty ox cart loads to the acre, according to the strength of the manure, scatter salt upon the manure equal to two bushels per acre, turn two light furrows upon each row of manure, rake the ridges thus made lengthwise, then make five more furrows, and proceed in the same way till the whole field is finished. Sow with a machine, and be generous with the seed. This method gives just room to pass between the rows with the horse-hoe, and as the plants stand higher than the spaces, this may be done when they are very small. Turn the mold from the plants first, then towards them, keep it stirring, and very little hand work will be necessary. Thin the plants to as near eight inches as possible, and let not a weed grow in the field. When the tops begin to turn yellow, gather the lower leaves for the cows, and you will be well paid for the trouble. I have cultivated them in this way for two seasons, on the State Farm, and with such success that I shall pursue the same course for myself, unless some of your readers can show me a better way. I would add, the mangel is excellent in the spring of the year for working oxen, and swine eat them greedily, whether raw or cooked.

Culture of Tares.

THE *Canadian Agriculturist* having called for the experience of such of its readers as have cultivated tares, "A Subscriber" replies as follows:

"Having for some time resolved to sow a small quantity of land with tares, as an experiment, I procured from Mr. Fleming, Toronto, a peck of seed, and, on the 16th of May, I sowed it on a quarter of an acre. The land was plowed, and well manured in the fall, and thoroughly cultivated in the spring. Shortly after they came into pod, I cut them, and found, when *cured*, there was *at least* three-quarters of a ton. It made excellent fodder; in fact the horses, cattle, and sheep devoured it with avidity. Had the seed been sown at the proper season I am confident there would have been twice the quantity; but, as it was, before the tares had grown enough to cover and shade the ground, the weather came very dry, and scorched the land, so that, at one time, I thought they would prove a total failure — a few showers, however, settled that point."

Premium Corn Crops.

MR. ELLIS R. LABB, of Marion county, Indiana, received the premium of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, last year, for the largest crop of corn on one, five, and ten acres. He raised on a single acre 263 bushels, and on five acres the produce averaged 247 bushels. Mr. L. had four competitors, whose crops on one, five, and ten acres ranged from 216½ bushels down to 116. The chief points of culture are given in the Indianapolis *Journal*, and may be thus stated:—The kind of corn used by Mr. LABB was the large yellow, but whether flint or gourd seed he does not say. It was harvested and weighed between the 5th and the 10th of October. As to soil and cultivation, we give his own statement:

Quality of soil, a sand and loam based on clay. Broken up about ten inches deep, by the first of May, and planted from the 10th to the 16th of the same month, in rows one way three feet apart, and the plants from five to six inches apart in the rows. Plowed with a shovel-plow three times. The whole cost of cultivation and seed, $4.65 per acre.

The ten acre field soil was exactly of the same kind as that of the one acre, and the product of both was equal — 263 bushels — but the mode of culture was different. On the ten acres he plowed but six inches deep — "planted in rows three feet and a half each way, with four or five grains in a hill," — how many stalks were finally left is not mentioned — plowed four times with a shovel-plow, and hoed over after the first plowing — which was one plowing and hoeing more than the single acre got. The cultivation of the five acres was, in every respect, similar to the last, but the land was plowed eight inches deep. Description of soil not given.

Stone Wall vs. Wooden Fence.

A WRITER to the *New England Farmer* supports his preferences for stone walls with the following arguments:—"Some farmers are not very much in favor of stone wall as a farm fence, because the cost is so much. It is true that stone wall would cost much more than wooden fence, where timber is plenty and rocks are scarce; but where rocks are plenty and timber scarce, stone wall is not always the most expensive fence. For example, suppose a farmer to have a piece of land which he wishes to inclose and cultivate. The measurement is twenty-five rods on each of the four sides. It would take one hundred rods of fence to inclose it, and there are rocks enough on it to build one hundred rods of wall. The rocks, or a part of them at least, must be taken off before the land can be cultivated to advantage, and when taken to where the fence is wanted, they can be laid into wall for thirty-three cents per rod; the digging and drawing should not be charged to the wall, but to the land as improvements, so there are one hundred rods of wall for $33.

To inclose the same piece with rail fence, three rails high, rails twelve feet long, and making a reasonable allowance for splice, it would take nearly one hundred and forty-four posts, and four hundred and thirty-two rails.

144 posts ready to set, at 10c each	$14 40
432 rails ready to set, at 6c each	25 92
Setting up 100 rods rail fence, at 2c per rod	2 00
One hundred rods rail fence	$42 32

It will be seen by the above figures, that the cost of the rail fence is a fraction over twenty-eight per cent. more than the cost of the walls; that, perhaps, is more than an average, but there are many fields here on the granite hills of the Granite State that are plowed and sowed, raked and mowed, year after year, over rocks where, if they were taken out of the way, the plow, the harrow, the mowing machine and horse rake would work enough better to pay the cost. And when drawn to the place where a fence is wanted, they can be laid up into wall for less than the cost of a suitable wooden fence."

Effects of War on Agriculture.

THE Springfield *Republican* has been surveying the field of agricultural labor, reasoning as to the influence of the war thereupon, and closes up with the annexed paragraph:

More than a hundred thousand active Northern men have recently forsaken the ordinary pursuits of agriculture, manufactures, and trade, for the defence of their country, and the entire body of those left at home are giving much time and thought to the same object. The result must be a greater demand for farm labor, a diminution of crops for the coming harvest, and higher prices for farm produce next year. The teeming millions of earth and all its armies depend solely upon agriculture for bread. Food is the first and daily requisite of every human being. In time of war there is always a sad waste of food, and more is needed for the same number than in time of peace. Buyers for the army may by wholesale empty the markets, and thus seriously affect prices. The demand for bread and meat will consequently greatly increase. The States most likely to be the scene of conflict will do but little for their own support, for the spirit of war gives a feeling of insecurity unfavorable to agricultural pursuits. The South, the present season, will produce but little, for both blacks and whites have something else to do. Added to this the accounts from England of a wet spring, rendering planting impossible in many cases, will, it is thought, even with future favorable weather, reduce the crops fully one-third below the average. Famine may tread closely on the heels of war and be more relentless. The farmers therefore have a double foe to fight. They are commissioned to feed the world and protect mankind from famine. Greater exertion than usual will be necessary to do this, and the farmers should at once understand it. Let every patriot and lover of his country's liberties, do all in his power to increase the production of the staple crops. For a large front door of egress, let there be a still more ample back door of ingress, and so will the horrors of civil war be partly alleviated.

Renovating Pasture Lands.

THE *Boston Cultivator* contains a lengthy article on this subject. We condense a few paragraphs on the causes of the decline in these lands, and the remedies to be applied.

1. There is more stagnant water in the soil than formerly. When the land was first cleared from the forest, the roots of trees tended to conduct the water into the earth, and after the roots decayed, the spaces they had occupied in the soil formed channels for the descent of water. This would continue for some time, till by gradual consolidation from the tread of animals and other causes, the soil and subsoil become more impervious.

2. In some instances, from the slow descent of water into the earth, or its being retained near the surface, mineral substances are deposited which are injurious to vegetation, and at the same time increase the obstruction to the discharge of water. The "hard-pan," as it is called in some parts of this country, and "moor-band" in England, will be recognized as producing this effect. The earth becomes cemented by a precipitation of iron, with, in some instances, other substances.

3. In consequence of the check to the discharge of water from the soil, the better kinds of herbage are liable to be winter-killed—they are "hove out," as the farmers say, by the frost—the expansion produced by the freezing of the water in the soil, breaking the roots, which being exposed on the top of the ground, die.

4. In consequence of the decline of grasses, wild plants, shrubs and trees have sprung up, which have still further checked the growth of grass.

5. It is probable that the soil has become actually exhausted, in some instances, of some of the elements essential for grass. The most important of these are probably alkalies and phosphates.

The remedies suggested are as follows:

The first remedy is draining; that is for such cases mentioned under the first and second heads. Make a few drains, of tiles or stones, not less than two and a half feet deep, in such places as seem to need them most. Carrying away the water will let the air into the soil, and this will decompose the substances which to the more valuable kinds of plants are unwholesome — as the compounds of iron, acids, &c. Bushes may be destroyed by mowing; in many cases it is the only way they can be destroyed. Much pasture land is so stony that it cannot be plowed, and if it could be, it is not likely that it would be thus benefited for grass. Cutting the bushes strengthens the growth of the grass, and this in turn hastens the death of the bushes. In some instances it is desirable to aid the grass by some top-dressing. Plaster has been used in the way with great advantage on some soils, and as we have before stated, it is the cheapest application that could be made. On the soils to which it is adapted, it produces so firm a turf that nothing else can grow in it.

Sheep may be put on bushy pastures to advantage. If the bushes are cut every year, the sheep will crop the tender sprouts to such a degree that it greatly weakens their vitality, while at the same time the grazing increases the growth of the grass and white clover, which, as before remarked, tend to exterminate the bushes. It is a somewhat singular fact, but one well established, that land grazed by sheep rather improves in fertility. There are thousands of acres of land in Wales and Scotland on which sheep have been kept for thousands of years (for aught that is known to the contrary), without the application of any other manure than that dropped by the animals, and yet the growth of grass is undiminished. There are instances in our own country, of sheep being kept a long time on land with no diminution in the growth of grass.

It would be well also to make some experiments in the application of substances as top-dressings. Wood ashes, leached and unleached, may be tried, but it should be remembered that they will not do so much good on wet land. Superphosphate of lime may prove to be a cheap fertilizer on some pastures. Any of these things may be sown at first in narrow breadths across the fields. A dollar's worth used in this way will afford a pretty fair indication of the profit or loss.

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Inquiries and Answers.

BEST FEED FOR HORSES IN SPRING.—Will you, or some old experienced farmer, please inform me, through the columns of the RURAL, what kind of feed is best for a horse team while working hard in the spring? About how many acres can a good team properly fit, in season for sow to spring wheat, of corn stubble? If some one will answer, they will much oblige—A YOUNG FARMER, *Shelby, N. Y.*, 1861.

SHADE TREES IN PASTURES FOR COWS.—I have often heard it asserted that cows will give more milk and do better where there are no shade trees for them to lay under. Will you, or some of the readers of the RURAL, please inform me, through the columns of the same, in regard to the above? By so doing you will oblige—A YOUNG FARMER, *Ottawa Co., Mich.*

This a mooted point, even among the best dairymen; however, we throw the subject open to discussion — probably something new may be elicited.

IRON vs. WOOD WATER-PIPE.—Having noticed in your RURAL an inquiry with respect to iron water pipe, the subscriber can recommend one made of wood, which is both pure and lasting, and hereabouts the cost would not exceed fifteen dollars.—T. J. MANN, *Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa.*

CURE FOR HORN DISTEMPER.—In a late RURAL, "O. F. B." wants to know what to do for his cow. I could not say what to do for her, for I fear it is too late in the day. But for the horn distemper, if taken in time, I will give a cure I have never known to fail, which is garden rue and fresh butter. The rue to be simmered in the butter until the strength is out, and poured into the ears milk warm. About a tablespoonful is sufficient for each ear at a time. It should be administered once in twenty-four hours. A half a dozen applications will generally effect a cure.—HENRY D. EDGERTON, *Watson, Allegan Co., Mich.*, 1861.

A WORD ABOUT COB MEAL.—Most farmers hereabouts use cob meal, and I think, with favor, especially for certain purposes. On our light soils, we raise mostly corn and rye. These are the staples for feeding. The rye being sticky when wet or scalded, is not convenient to feed alone; hence I generally have it ground with the corn, well mixed in the hopper, one fourth rye. This gives more nutriment than the cob meal alone, at the same time is convenient to use. This mixture I regard superior for milch cows, especially given with well chopped roots or pumpkins. For growing shoats, too, it may be better than clear corn meal. It should, however, be scalded and salted. The best way of feeding meal to horses, that I have found, is to sprinkle it over hay, previously wet with a watering pot — stir it gently, and the whole will mix and adhere to the hay. Be sure that the manger is tight. Scalded cob meal is excellent for fowls, but for fattening either hogs or cattle, I should not think it good economy.—T., *Dighton*, 1861.

Rural Notes and Items.

"GET THE BEST" STOCK, SEEDS, AND IMPLEMENTS.—Why? Because they are the most profitable, pecuniarily and morally — in paying best and keeping you in good temper. If you are raising stock, *breed from the best.* "Blood will tell," whether in horses, cattle, sheep, or swine; and by taking pains, and paying a little extra to secure the services of superior sires, you may obtain animals which will sell for double the price of common stock. The first cost is the only extra, the care and cost of keeping being about the same. Think of this, for now is the time to decide and act. The same is true, to a great extent, of Seeds, Trees, and Implements. The aim of every cultivator should be to secure the best seeds and trees of the best varieties (for his location,) and then plant and cultivate in the best manner. Don't hesitate between a superior and ordinary or inferior article, because the former costs a little the most—for if you do your duty, the first crop will more than pay the difference. So, also, of labor saving implements and machines. If you need such at all, get the best obtainable. You can't afford to bother with poor implements in the busy season of planting or securing crops—losing time, temper, and money. Therefore, get the best on the start—for machines which combine the latest improvements, that work well, and are durable, will be found the cheapest in the end, though the expense may seem objectionable. Aside from the pecuniary advantages of having the best Stock, Seeds, and Implements, every farmer ought to receive good dividends in the pleasure they afford him, compared with the vexation and delay so often experienced by non-progressives.

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THE SEASON AND CROPS.—The farmers of this region were able to make some progress in plowing, planting and sowing last week, the weather being fair and warm. An unfavorable change has checked operations, however — a heavy thunderstorm on Sunday night being succeeded by cold, rainy and windy weather. As we write (Tuesday, A. M.) the sun shines again, yet the high winds and chilly atmosphere render overcoats and fires indispensable to comfort. Comparatively little corn has yet been planted in this section. Grass is looking well, and promises a good crop. Our reports from the West complain of the backward spring, but speak favorably of the crop prospects. We subjoin two or three letters relative to the Weather, Crops, &c.

Cook Co., Ill., May 16.—The season here is quite late. It has been very wet. Crops look promising. Some corn is already planted. I finished planting the 13th. There is great promise of fruit, (especially apples;) trees are filled with blossoms. The weather is fine now, but cool. Many volunteers are returning from camp with bad colds, owing to the rainy weather.—M. H. BUCK.

Sturgis, Mich., May 17.—I have traveled over five counties in Northern Indiana, and the same number in Southern Michigan, this spring. Never saw the wheat look as well. The cool weather has served to make it thick and healthy. On some flat, clay lands, where farmers have not taken the precaution to plow in narrow lands, and clean out the dead furrows, so as to let off the water, the wheat is injured.—C. HOYT.

Salem, Mercer Co., Pa., May 22.—While writing on business, I would say that we have a very cold, backward spring—frost more or less every week — while writing this the fences are white with frost. Peaches and cherries are all killed, though we have a prospect of apples plenty now. The prospect of wheat is rather gloomy. I think we will not have more than half an average crop in this section.—JOHN M. DOBARS.

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WHEREABOUTS OF NOTED STALLIONS.—The famous horse "Cruiser," recently imported from England by J. S. RAREY, is to be kept for service this season at the farm of W. H. RAREY, Groveport, Ohio, at $100 for thorough-bred mares. "Geo. M. Patchen" is advertised to stand at $100, near Kingsbridge, New York. The Seward Arabians are each advertised at $50, and kept at the stables of BATHGATE & Co., Fordham, N. Y. Imported "Consternation" stands at Syracuse this season, and "Henry Clay" at Honeoye Falls. "Lapidist," said to be the only son of English Touchstone on this side of the Atlantic, has left Canada for Long Island, where he is to stand this season. "Eureka," a son of Long Island Black Hawk, stands at Fishkill Plains. "Prince Royal," a son of old Bellfounder, is kept for service at Columbus, Ohio. "Major Low" and "New Jersey," both sons of Patchen, are at BATHGATE's stables, Westchester Co. —$50 each. Imported "Sovereign" and "Revenue" stand near Versailles, Ky., each at $100 to insure. "Slasher" is at Holmdel, N. J.—$50 the season. "Star Davis" stands at the stables of J. M. CLAY, Ashland, Ky., at $50. "Silver Heels" is kept at GEO. SINGLETON's, near Quincy, Ill., at $50.

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N. Y. AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The friends of this institution will be glad to learn that the temporary absence of the President will not interrupt the studies of students, or materially affect the management of affairs. The Journal of the State Society announces that the College is in successful operation with its summer class, and that Major PATRICK, the President, has arranged satisfactorily as to the teachers, so that instruction will be uninterrupted during the President's temporary absence in the service of the State. His duties will not prevent him from being at the College frequently during the term, so as to give all matters connected with it his general supervision.

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PROFIT OF SHEEP.—At a recent agricultural discussion, PAOLI LATHROP, of South Hadley, Mass., stated that, without regard to any profit from the wool, a pound of mutton could be made cheaper than a pound of beef— adding that, "in fatting sheep, one great advantage was, they could take their grain in a crude state and would thoroughly digest it, whereas the grain for cattle had to be ground, and a sixteenth part paid for that operation. He thought the English mutton breeds of sheep most profitable. His preference was for the South-Downs. They fatten easily, and their meat is very fine. It is with sheep as with cattle — the large breeds are most profitable on rich land, and the small breeds are best fitted for poor lands."

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A DAMP PLACE BEST FOR SITTING HENS.—A correspondent of the London Poultry Chronicle says hens should sit in damp rather than dry places, for the following reasons: "The germ of the egg floats uppermost within and against the shell, in order that it may meet the genial warmth of the breast of the fowl. We must, therefore, in hatching, apply most warmth to that part only; the egg being supplied with only a limited quantity of moisture, is thus arranged to prevent evaporation from a large surface, as the egg is only very warm at the part in contact with the fowl, until the blood-searching nourishment for the embryo has surrounded the inner surface of the shell, when the whole egg becomes gradually warm, and eventually of an equal temperature."

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NOBLE HORSE.—Writing to a New York paper, GRANT THORBURN says—"I once saw a horse, in the neighborhood of New York, drawing a load of coal of twelve hundred weight, in a cart. The lane was very narrow — the driver, some distance behind, was conversing with a neighbor. The horse, on a slow walk, came up to a little child sitting on his hind quarters, in the middle of the road, gathering up dust with his little hands, and making mountains out of mole hills. The horse stopped — he smelled of the child — there was no room to turn off. With his thick lips he gathered the frock between his teeth, lifted the child, laid him gently on the outside of the wheel track, and 'went on his way rejoicing.' And well might he rejoice—he had done a noble deed."

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A HORSE SHOW is announced to be held by the "Metropolitan Fair Ground Company," at Westfield, N. Y., on the 6th and 7th of June inst. The premiums offered are liberal, and include the various classes of horses. The most prominent prizes are for the best walking and trotting horses, and ladies' equestrianism. ELAM C. BLISS, Esq., is President of the Company, and SIMON COLLINS the Secretary.

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MINOR ITEMS.—The Michigan Agricultural College commenced its present term with sixty students — about one-third more than were in the institution last summer.—— Rev. C. E. GOODRICH, of Utica, has originated 1200 varieties of seedling potatoes within the past ten or twelve years, nearly all of which have proved unworthy of cultivation.—— COWING & Co., of Seneca Falls, have sent us handsome Descriptive and Priced Catalogues of their Lift and Force Pumps, Hydraulic Rams, Garden Engines, &c., &c.——The Indiana State Board of Agriculture have determined to hold no Fair this year.——The Society of Acclimation at Paris has lost its flock of alpacas, and is taking measures to replace them.

HORTICULTURAL.

NOTES IN THE GARDEN.

THE weather for the past two or three days has been warm, and vegetation has advanced rapidly. The *Apples* are in flower, and give promise of an abundant crop of this necessary of life. *Cherries* have thus far had a very hard time, having struggled on in a noble attempt to bud and blossom through a month of snow and frost, and cold cutting winds. The crop, except in sheltered locations, will be light. *Peaches* just in this neighborhood will be few and far between. We have heard of here and there a few trees having flowers in some sheltered situation, but have seen but few. Grape vines have suffered very much, and so have some pretty hardy shrubs, such as the *Althea*; and the *Osage Orange* hedges are at present looking very bad. They have received a severe winter pruning.

The *Tulips* are at present the most attractive feature in the garden. The fine varieties are numberless, and we hope to see them receive more attention from the lovers of flowers. The *Polyanthus Narcissus* has suffered from severe late frosts where left unprotected, but is coming into flower. The *Magnolias* are losing their flowers, and the *Spiraea prunifolia* is in perfection.

Among the HERBACEOUS PLANTS in flower we notice that fine early Phlox, *procumbens* and *suaveolens*. The *Auricula* has endured the present winter without injury. It is a beautiful flower, and we recommend its trial. Again we bring to the notice of our readers that fine border plant, the *Sea Pink* or *Thrift*. It is perfectly hardy, makes a neat, tidy border, and flowers freely. Where box proves tender, there is nothing equal to this plant for bordering, and it has many advantages over box. Except at the nurseries we scarcely ever see this plant, and it is on this account we urge it upon the notice of our readers. The next time you make an order on the nursery, remember the Thrift. It grows in Europe near the sea shore, and on the sandy margins of salt marshes, and seems to flourish without much regard to soil or climate.

Planting for the present season is about over, though a few annuals for late flowering may yet be sown. All places that have been neglected or have been occupied with bulbs, must now be supplied by annual plants from the hot-bed, or seed-bed, or by bedding plants. *Verbenas*, for this purpose are deservedly popular, and there is nothing better than the Scarlet Geraniums. Their brilliant color and constant bloom make a bed gay from planting time until frost. Then if a few with variegated leaves are obtained, the variety of foliage adds a new attraction. *Petunias* are good, constant bloomers, with every variety of color, and some of the new varieties are exceedingly fine. The new seedlings of ELLWANGER & BARRY, both single and double, are unequaled for size and beauty by anything we have seen.

Nothing in our visits to the gardens to-day (May 27,) afforded us more pleasure than the dwarf apples, now in full bloom. For a position on the edge of the lawn we know of nothing more beautiful than these miniature apple trees. In the spring they are covered with flowers, and in the autumn loaded with crimson and golden fruit. We don't know but this latter fact is the reason they are not more cultivated, for if they bore only flowers, we really think they would be prized and planted as ornamental trees. The *Genesee Chief* is peculiarly beautiful, having large red flowers, and the buds being of a rich crimson, the tree has a peculiarly brilliant appearance when covered with flowers in all stages of growth from the newly formed bud to the full-blown flower.

* * *

A NEW MODE OF RAISING PEACHES.

HOWEVER reluctant we may be to do so, we must admit the fact that the peach is in this section a very uncertain crop. In 1859 the entire crop was destroyed; last year, although the largest half of the flower buds were destroyed, still we had a fair yield along the shores of lake Ontario, from a score or so of miles east of this to Niagara. The past winter it was thought did the work of destruction most effectually, as pretty careful examinations only revealed a live bud in a hundred, while in many cases a sound one could not be found. Later we have heard of some trees showing signs of flower, and hopes expressed that a small crop would yet be secured, but how well founded these hopes are, we cannot say. Other sections of our country are even less favored, and a harvest of peaches is the exception. A correspondent of *Hovey's Magazine* recommends a new method of growing peaches, which we think at least worthy the attention of lovers of this delicious fruit. A course very similar to this we heard recommended several years since by a skillful gardener in this city, and if protection is given the peach something of this kind seems more practical than expensive glass houses.

"The last even respectable crop of peaches was in 1858; and where are the peaches for 1861? Why, there is not the vestige of a bud left to tell the tale. Thousands of trees, too, have been swept away in the general ruin, not even those in orchard-houses escaping; and of their utility and efficiency I have my own 'sme' peculiar idee' about, and expressed myself so in a cotemporary journal last year, and now repeat, that the Rivers model is totally unsuited to this climate, and, even if so, could not become universal, because of their great first cost, and subsequent expense for skillful culture and attention.

"The plan I offer to *insure* a crop of this delicious fruit, doubly important in a sanitary point of view, is cheap in its construction, efficacious in purpose, and ornamental.

"The following description will, I trust, be sufficient to render the annexed diagrams (figs. 1 and 2,) intelligible. Take stout cedar or other posts; sink level with the earth's surface in two rows equidistant and opposite; thereon lay a sill or framework 4 feet 2 inches from outside to outside, (the two inches are allowed for a ridge board which is not seen in the cut;) then take rafters 12 feet long, say 2 by 3½ inches thick, and place thereon at an angle of 85 degrees, which allows a slope of one inch in 12, giving the appearance of the cut (fig. 1.) Set these six feet apart, and extend to such length as space or desire may dictate. When the rafters are fixed, take galvanized iron wire and run it horizontally six inches apart; strain thoroughly, and fasten to each rafter with small staples. This will be more neat, light and durable than wood.

"There may be some diversity of opinion as to the aspect of the trellis; local convenience would always control me. If running north and south, the difference would be the merest trifle. Under a vertical sun, if east and west, the north side may be planted with the late kinds.

"To get well ripened wood is of primary importance, and to this end there are two methods of pruning; each has its advocates, and both can be employed to advantage if begun rightly. One system is to remove all wood buds and shoots that do not appear on the upper side of the tree, and to shorten those so that they will form *spurs;* this is the spur system. It requires double the number of trees of the following, which may be termed the long annual branch or semi-fan system, being a modification of the English system of training on walls. This method requires that the trees should be planted two feet apart, giving the trees the same slope or angle of the rafters, viz., one inch in twelve. This sloping is important, as it tends to equalize the flow of sap, &c. If the trellis runs north and south, let the tree be sloped to the south; and if east and west, to the east. Much or all of the pruning in this method should be done by the thumb and finger, and under no circumstances should any foresight or undershoots be allowed to grow or remain, as they only crowd, confuse, and prevent the thorough ripening of the wood in its proper place, and on this great point hinges your success. By judicious thinning, stopping and tying in, little is left for the knife in spring, and if begun aright, nothing is more easy and simple.

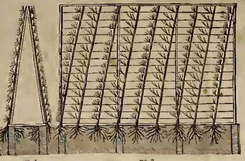

FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

TRELLIS FOR THE PEACH—A NEW WAY OF GROWING.

"Amongst the many claims this method has on the fruit grower's notice, is the easy and thorough manner the trees can be protected from the ravages of the Ice King. To do which, take seaweed, salt hay, or any other strawy covering, and lay on from three to six inches evenly over the entire surface; upon this lay shutters snugly together, rendering it water-tight; the two ends may be fitted with boards, which may be open in all ordinary weather, but when the thermometer is from zero downwards, should be closed.

"The covering should not be removed too early, as peach buds have sometimes passed the ordeal of our winters unscathed, only to be annihilated by late spring frosts.

"The shutters are admirably adapted for the protection of early vegetables, breaking cold winds, and hastening on tomatoes, cucumbers, &c.; after which they should be stacked away for future use, and will thus answer for many years.

"The foregoing is, I think, a new idea. It is intended for the million. Trees planted under glass are for the few, and then, without a heating apparatus, is a broken reed, orchard houses a *bubble*, and trees in pots and tubs, TOYS."

* * *

CULTURE OF THE VINE.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.

AFTER the situation is chosen, which should be such as will give the vine full exposure to the sun for the greatest part of the day, always preferring an easterly to a westerly variation from a southerly aspect, the accommodation for roots demands consideration. The ground in which it is planted must be prepared to give safe and convenient lodgment, both summer and winter, as well as to furnish a *due* supply of food.

The greatest evil to be feared in summer, is the lodgment of water in the soil occupied by the roots, or excessive wetness; excessive dryness must also be avoided.

The evil to be dreaded in winter is *severe* freezing of the ground, but chiefly alternation of freezing and thawing, and *all* freezing of roots that are not well protected from the direct action of the atmosphere. Roots that are six inches beneath the surface will bear uninjured the freezing of a severe winter, but the vine that has its roots exposed to the atmosphere at freezing temperature, will be greatly damaged, if not ruined. In spring, as the surface of the ground becomes warmed, the roots of the vine shoot out with great vigor. The surface roots seem disposed to take all of the labor of supplying and sustaining the vine in its growth and fruit-bearing. While the heat is moderate and the surface continues moist, the early vigor continues, or even becomes accelerated, if, with increasing temperature, sufficient moisture is uninterruptedly supplied. But before the end of June the surface must become less moist and more rapidly so than the roots can be prepared for. The vine ceases to make new leaves of large size, and fails to give the substance to those already formed that will make them effective and enduring in bringing forward the young fruit and furnishing fine-grained, hard, short-jointed wood, which is necessary for the building up and continuation of a healthy and productive "stock."

The surface roots cease to act, the vine languishes, and various marks of illness appear. In cases of extreme severity the fruit fails and the leaves shrivel. In the Isabella, both shoots and fruit show numerous dark purple specks, and the leaves turn brown with "sun-scald." The more enduring leaves of the Catawba show less disorder, but it drops its fruit, so that a large part of the crop, with all of its beauty, is often lost by "the rot."

In mild cases the vine comes to an apparent stand-still, but only apparent. No new leaves are formed, but those already formed increase their substance. As the surface-roots cease to act, the lower ones take increased action, and if circumstances are favorable, the fruit again begins to enlarge and goes on to ripening.

These surface roots will be destroyed by the winter, and when they have grown so large as to become an important part of the vine, its health is destroyed with them. Often no marked effect follows, while all circumstances continue favorable; but it is only the vine whose health is at all points guarded and whose strength is ever husbanded that is able to withstand all trials of the seasons.

Nearly the same train of symptoms follows the loss of the roots or the hindrance of their formation during the growing season by the excess of water.

We have glanced at a few of the evils to which the vine is very often subjected, in order that we may see the need of obviating them at the beginning, or in preparing the ground, so that it may easily and successfully be done. But if not done before planting, it can never be more than imperfectly accomplished by after efforts.

Our indications, then, are a deep, pervious border, with open subsoil that needs no draining; or if subsoil is retentive, it must have sufficient inclination to admit of drainage. If drainage is not practicable, the border must be raised.

To obviate the evils that result from drouth, the border must be made deep, and of material that is attractive of moisture. This indication will always be perfectly fulfilled in making the home for the roots of the plant so stored with food, and that of suitable quality and quantity as shall be always at hand.

A border of proper depth, well enriched with a suitable compost, *can never be dry.* Its attractive power increases with increase of temperature, so that in hottest weather it will best supply the food that the plants need. We are not to suppose the material of the border is food ready prepared for the plants, but rather that it is the unwasting material from which such a daily supply is cooked, as the little stomata may need, and not in wasteful proportions, but that the want and supply are greatly increased by increase of temperature, as also ability to appropriate, or, in other words, to effect growth and fruitfulness.

To make a border that will give results most abundantly satisfactory, no learned compound is needed, but just such a soil as will give the best crop of corn or wheat, but deeper by two or three fold, will be all that is desired for a grape border or vineyard. How best to effect this, depends upon a great variety of circumstances, at which we can scarcely glance for the present. Where stable manure is cheap and abundant, the grand specific is revealed. But generally where grapes in the garden especially are most desired, it is scarce and dear. Of the compost heap we shall speak soon; for in all gardening operations it may be looked upon as a convenience so great that it may be considered indispensable.

We shall, for the present, assume the position as undisputed, that the border must be deep and well enriched, and also that its component parts must be thoroughly worked together into one homogeneous mass. But the terms "deep" and "rich" convey no very definite idea, and with propriety, vary according to circumstances. A depth of eighteen inches of well-prepared soil may, under one state of things, be quite sufficient, while another set of circumstances may require at least three feet. We will consider these the maximum and minimum, remarking that the depth may be almost as damagingly too great as too little. Toward the northern limit of the vine-growing region, success depends upon making the most of a season rather too short and temperature inconveniently low, and the full measure of success there obtainable, under every appliance and care, will not generally quite equal the ordinary *good* results which are easily obtainable in the most favorable latitude. To make the most of the spring, the roots must be kept as near the surface as practicable, and consistent with their maintenance in healthful productiveness, and the ripening of both wood and fruit in early autumn is considerably hastened by having the fertility of its border of moderate depth and the drainage most thorough and effective.

With what appliances and under what circumstances these co-workers with nature, under difficulties, may best succeed, we shall soon attempt to show; and with no small degree of pleasure, for to these her most earnest and devoted lovers, we are indebted for much of the knowledge of our art. Eminent success in horticulture, and more especially in viticulture, depends upon such a degree of knowledge as can be attained only in a "rather unfavorable climate and tolerably barren soil," and the way to success has been marked with such clear lines of light, that it is not difficult to follow; and although the fruits of the soil will generously reward the labor, a far more valuable compensation will result in the development and cultivation of the man, whose powers will be called into healthful and invigorating exercise in the way of charity and benevolence.—*C. W. Grant, Iona, near Peekskill, N. Y.*

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APPLE TREES—BURSTING BARK.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I saw in your paper of May 11th, from "SUBSCRIBER," of Rome, N. Y., an article on apple trees bursting their bark, which may mislead some apple raisers. I will give you my experience. Some five years ago I lost about eighty trees by what I call winter-killing. About half of them were grafted the summer before, on native trees, and the grafts grew first rate. The next spring they were dead to the roots, and I dug them up and threw them away. The other half were trees, some of them four or five inches through, that were grafted in the nursery and afterward set out in the orchard. Now on many of these the bark was loose all around the tree, the crack in the bark universally on the southwest side. On the west side of the lot next the fence, where the snow drifted and lay on nearly all winter up to the limbs, not a tree was hurt. Now, I can account for the whole trouble only in this way: The trees that I grafted in the spring before, having less sap, in consequence of cutting off all the top, froze to death without bursting the bark on a single tree. The others grew very fast till late in the fall, the wood being soft, and when they froze the bark was loosened. Those in the snow were protected. Our coldest winds are from the southwest. Now, many of my trees that burst their bark some two feet, are still growing thriftily, and have borne first rate. I would never dig up a tree until it is dead, and then I would not set out another in the same place for a number of years, unless I changed the soil wholly. WILLIAM CONE.

Troy, Michigan, May 20, 1861.

Horticultural Notes.

FRUIT IN NIAGARA COUNTY.—Having a little leisure, I improve it to acquaint you about the prospect of fruit, &c., in our vicinity. To begin with, we supposed that our peach crop was almost an entire failure, but this is not so. Our natural trees, if nothing further happens, will yield a fair crop. All cultivated peaches will be scarce. Apple and cherry trees are set very full of blossoms. Pears bid fair to be a good crop; but, oh, the grapes! they are in a bad condition. I see in some localities large vines that will not have a cluster on them; others will have a few. Some secluded vines, say on the east side of a building, are not injured in my vineyard. I find but few vines but will produce some fruit. In some places I find a number that have but few live buds, and then several that have plenty of fruit buds. I have 400 vines in my orchard, and almost every one has fruit buds in abundance, but the singularity of the matter is, that the wood is green, the sap flowing freely, and yet the buds are all dead. The largest and strongest canes are injured the most. I should like to know if this is a general thing all over Western New York.

The weather is cold, and everything at least two weeks behind last year. Wheat looks bad. Winter rye looks very well. I must tell you about my grape crop last year. I made, from two and a half acres, 1,445 gallons of wine, and sold $200 worth of grapes. Won't that do?—H. P., *Lockport, N. Y.*

OHIO BEAUTY APPLE.—Mr. William F. English, of Rhinehart, Auglaize county, Ohio, says of the Ohio Beauty apple: "One tree of this variety, of about sixteen years' growth, charmed and astonished everybody. Almost every approach to the trunk of the tree was cut off by the limbs bending to the ground, in many places, apples matured resting on the ground. Some of the limbs of this tree extended twenty-two to twenty-four feet, horizontally, from the trunk, and yielded last season thirty bushels of apples. The largest apple we weighed last season weighed one pound. Full as the trees were, one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twenty five, taken on an average, make a bushel. Every day still more and more confirms me in the opinion I formed before I was so well acquainted with other varieties; that is, that, among the best apples in general cultivation, it has no equal."—*Cincinnatus.*

APPLES FOR CENTRAL NEW YORK.—The report of the Oneida Community says:—"The Red Astracan, Primate, and Sweet Bough, among summer varieties; the Porter, Gravenstein, Norton's Melon, and Lowell, autumn sorts; and the R. I. Greening, Baldwin, Esopus Spitzenburgh, Swaar, Wagener, English Russett, and Northern Spy, late keepers, have all proved well adapted to this place. The Primate is the best summer apple we know. Baldwin and Porter liable to overbear. Swaar and Spitzenburgh pay for high culture. Wagener, a famous early bearer, and of superior quality. The Northern Spy—'slow but sure'—has this year shown that it will produce great crops of large apples. The next enlargement of our apple orchards will be of this sort. First full returns from young orchards—one thousand bushels of choice fruit harvested."

TRIMMING THE GRAPE VINE.—The vine is now so far advanced, generally, that, with caution, one can complete the pruning that is still incomplete, without producing bleeding or other injury, and with a decided benefit. In addition to former suggestions, all weak, small buds, should also be rubbed off, as well as those that, from their location, are on the wrong side of the vine, or where there are too many for the space. It is evident from its nature that the Creator designed that man should give the vine more or less daily care and culture, in order in return to reap in its season the fullness of the fruit's perfection.—S. N. HOLMES, *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1861.

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Inquiries and Answers.

GRASS ON GRAVEL WALKS.—Will some one please tell me what will prevent grass from growing up in a gravel walk? I have had the walk dug up more than once, but it does no good.

For two years I have tried to raise Lima beans, but some insect eats off the leaves as soon as they make their appearance. I think it must be an insect, for occasionally a leaf is left that is full of holes. Will you, or some of your readers, be so kind as to tell me what I should do to save them, and greatly oblige—W. P. K., *Buffalo, N. Y.*, 1861.

Your walk, we think, is not well made. The earth should have been removed about a foot in depth, and the place filled with rough stones, &c., and over this the gravel placed. A road made in this way will not be troubled with grass, except on the edges, where the earth will wash from the sides. Here give a good coating of salt once or twice during the season, and the grass will not grow. If you do not wish to make the road anew, try the salt.

Lima Beans should not be planted until the weather is warm. They are natives of a warm climate. Put them in a sandy soil, and if the weather is mild when they come up, they will soon be out of the way of all insects, but if it should prove wet and cold, the plants will suffer.

THE BLACK CURRANT.—Can you put me in the way of cultivating the black currant in such a way as to make it productive? I have it in sunshine and shade, in loam and in clay, and get a profusion of blossoms, but the fruit is missing. Sometimes it sets and then drops, but many flowers drop without setting, and I cannot get enough to make the bushes worth ground room. For wine, jelly and puddings, no fruit is its superior. Were the cultivation better understood, it would be valuable in the best of gardens.—T. P. F., *Hallowell, Me.*, 1861.

Try the Black Naples, which holds its berries better than the English. The Bang Up is also an excellent currant.

BLACK CURRANT—BANG UP.

We give an engraving of a bunch we gathered last summer. It is now the favorite black currant in England. Perhaps late frosts injure the blossoms, but dropping the fruit is a bad habit peculiar to the Black English everywhere, we believe. We endorse the opinion expressed of the value of the Black Currant.

TO PREVENT CHERRIES FROM BEING WORMY.—Noticing an inquiry in a late number of your paper for preventing cherries from being wormy, I send you the plan we have followed, and have had very good success. Just before the tree blossoms, take woolen rolls and put them twice round the tree, and tie them about a foot and a half from the ground, and let them remain on till the cherries are ripe. We use four such rolls. This prevents insects from reaching the limbs and spoiling the cherries.—M. ZIMMERMAN, *Tonawanda, Erie Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

ASPARAGUS PEA.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, give me some information, through your paper, in regard to the "Asparagus Pea?" I received from the Patent Office a package of the seeds marked, from Russia. I have sown them as I would ordinary peas, but knew nothing about them, and cannot find anybody that does. The peas are very small, purple, about as large as common shot. I would like to know how they are to be treated—whether they need bushing or not, and whether large bushes are needed? Also, how they are to be cooked for use?—A CONSTANT READER, *Brattleboro, Vt.*, 1861.

Domestic Economy.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THAT "WASHING-DAY REVERIE."

I HAVE read with much interest (in a small way,)
  A "married man's" story of washing-day woe,
And think there are truths 'twould be well for friend A,
  Even thus late in life, just to know.

There *is* a machine that, long years ago,
  Took a patent—though some still abuse it—
And He who first issued it, doubtless you know,
  Gave His life, that all nations might use it.

The name was peculiar—somewhat too long
  May be for those who have grown to be smart;
So I beg you will not, in the least, think it wrong
  If I call it "Do as you'd be done by" for short!

It not only helps the poor women who rub,
  Wearing clothes, time, and temper away,
But also assists the husbands who snub
  Beyond reason, on "blue" washing-day.

It sorts out the clothes, and sorts out the work,
  With a kind of unerring precision;
There are none overtaxed, and none left to shirk,
  Under *its* wise and just supervision.

Self-adjusting, adapted to every one's need,
  Its work is above all suspicion;
Every house should, *instanter*, procure one indeed,
  For it does well in any condition.

As the half of its uses I never could state,
  I will some of its *principles* tell;
To the innermost first all its movements relate,
  Then the outside expression is well.

It matters not, then, whose "hand holds the key,"
  Or when, where, or who may unlock you,
If there's naught that is wrong in the inside, you see,
  There can nothing come out that will shock you.

The fulcrum in use is "bear and forbear,"
  "All hands" used to work at the lever;
Should you wish a machine, direct to the care
  Of Earnest and Honest Endeavor

You'll be sure to receive, by return of the mail,
  What you ask! you may rest on my word,
That firm has never been known (yet) to fail.
  Your well-wishing friend,
POLLY KOOD.

P. S.—Please tell that "young man" who would marry, before
  He asks for a wife that's all money,
  To just weigh himself! and expect nothing more
  Than simply the worth of his money

* * *

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR WASHING DAYS.

HOW frequent it is the case, that Monday is turned into the most disagreeable day imaginable, and the sweet flower in the garden of domestic bliss is strongly converted into a very vixen, and in the husband's keen sense of his present discomfort, he loses sight of the happiness of the preceding six days. I think if a good washer-woman,—one that can be trusted, and will do as with her own,—can be found, that every woman of family should hire her washing done, if she is not in very good circumstances; for it is quite as cheap to pay for washing, as to pay the doctor bills, and to a woman that is obliged to take in washing, it is an act of charity to her. Every mother has trials that are known only to herself, and the fatigue of a washing on Monday, with great quantities of other work staring her in the face, is aggravating in the extreme, and many, from the very force of habit, scold to make the day complete.

The merits of the day have always been sung, and doubtless will be until the millennium, at least, for aught I know. I don't feel cross when I'm going to wash, and never did; but I'm not married and burdened with the care of a family.

The majority of the scolders—on Mondays—are the *over-taxed wives*, who are not fit to stand at the wash-tub,—they give vent to their bad feelings in ill-temper, and often heaps it on the best loved. Has "A.," of Genoa, on all the preceding Mondays, done all a kind and thoughtful husband can do? If so, I'm sorry for him. Perhaps the wife scolds because she thinks (having always heard it so said) the scold "comes in" on Monday; perhaps *previous neglect* has made it a habit not easy to break. My advice to him is to have patience, and try the same the next Monday, and the next, and so on, and see if he can't mark the improvement. Let me tell him that she, with her woman's intuition, marks and appreciates all his *little kindnesses*, and after a brief time—while she is *sounding* his sincerity—he will readily mark the happy effects. It always strikes me when a woman (there are some with whom it is natural to scold,) scolds on a Monday, she is not able to wash; and in nine cases out of ten, I think I am right. Monday, as a general thing, brings double the work with it any other day does, consequently is as wearing to the patience as strength, and how few husbands realize that, when they are by, a pail of water, or an armful of wood is a very great help. I had rather bring my own wood and water, and have *their room* in the meantime, and I can do the washing, and make a nice pudding for dinner too, when the men come in "hurrah boys!" and hungry as bears. This I have done, many a time, and don't scold either. I don't do it now, but I don't forget the cares and trials of a washing-day in my prosperity.

YOUR COUNTRY COUSIN.

Onondaga, May 20, 1861.

HOW TO MAKE RUSK.

MR. EDITOR:—In your RURAL of last week, I saw a petition for good rusk. Please insert the following, which I know to be good:—One cup of butter and lard, equal quantities; 1 quart milk; 2 cups of coffee sugar. Make a sponge at night, using half of the above ingredients, with 2 tablespoonfuls of yeast. In the morning, when very light, mix softer than biscuit, using the other half with an egg and half a teaspoonful of soda. When very light, make into biscuit, letting them stand until light. When baked, wet the top of them in milk and molasses, using a rag or feather,—this gives them a glossy appearance.

And now to thee, whose name is "Lida,"
I have a word to say,
That if your Rusk are not superb,
Please try another day.

Remembering the old proverb,
That practice perfect makes,
Which most especially is true
In making Rusk or Cakes.

Mattituck, L. I., 1861. L. Y. R.

NOTICING an inquiry in a late number of the RURAL for making rusk, I will give a recipe which I know to be good. Take of light bread dough two bowls; add one cup of sugar; two eggs; one-half of a cup of butter. Let it rise until light; add a teaspoonful of soda; then do up your rusk. Let rise again and bake in a quick oven. This will make a large quantity; divide the recipe, and you will have sufficient for an ordinary family.—HANNAH, *Mattituck, L. I.*

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ANGEL JENNIE.

BY MRS. S. F. HADDOCK.

Lay aside those little shoes with fondest care,
Her tiny feet will never need them more,
And put away the little hat, her golden hair
Will never curl beneath it as of yore;
And in the drawer place the little cloak and gown
Bedew'd with tears ye cannot fail to shed,
One snowy robe served well to lay her down
So peaceful with the calmly sleeping dead.

Lay all her playthings, too, in some sacred nook,
So many precious mem'ries round them cling,
That ye oft will linger there, and tearful, look
At those least valued, yet most cherished things
But when with tender, silent thoughts, ye lay
Those dear mementoes of your darling one
So choicely by, think not her mouldering clay
And these are all that's left of her who's gone

No, no, her little feet are treading, even now,
O'er the bright fields of an eternal spring,
Oft culling the immortal flowers that grow,
While her sweet song is one which cherubs sing
Earth hath its trials and its fearful cares
To those who toil along the path of life,—
A path so full of pitfalls and of snares,—
A path with little joy and as much sorrow rife.

Sweet little Jennie hath escaped them all
While her young heart was innocent and pure,
Gone in the morning, ere the shadows fall,
Safe from the tempter's foul and fatal lure
In His arms, lo! yonder by the gates of light,
See, the Good Shepherd folds your little lamb;
Look up, ye mourning ones, faith gives this vision bright,
Undoubting faith that bids the soul be calm.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR ACTIONS ARE OUR ANGELS.

There are angels of light and angels of darkness watching over us, noting our every thought and action. And when we refrain from evil passions and unholy desires,—when we stand serene and strong in virtue in the midst of temptation,—when our thoughts are pure, just, and upright,—then the angels of light are hovering over and guarding us. These invisible messengers are recording our every thought and deed. If we are kind and gentle,—if we imitate the pure and lovely character of Christ,—the angel over the right shoulder bears aloft to Heaven's Chancery the record of our acts of kindness and love, and the recording angel smiles as he writes it down in the book of remembrance. But if evil passions rule and govern the soul,—if selfishness and enmity, hatred and bitterness, are allowed to dwell in the mind,—then angels, dark and fearful as those thoughts and purposes, watch with evil eyes, keeping faithful record of them all.

In every mind exists a sacred God-given principle, which enables us to discern right from wrong, and may or may not be conducive to our happiness, and depending entirely upon our own course of action.

History furnishes abundant proofs of individuals who, perhaps, by one simple act, have set the seal upon their future character. All are familiar with the story of Washington concerning the confession he made in regard to his father's favorite tree. His action then was guided by the angel of truth, and it doubtless tended to mark his future course with that truth and integrity which he alone can boast. It arose before him, as a ministering spirit in after life, bidding him speed onward in the path of right. It seemed to set the seal of *truth* indelibly upon his brow. It girded him with new strength and power. Angels of light guarded and protected him through every trial and danger. And when death entered his quiet, peaceful home, guardian angels hovered around the couch of the dying, and, calmly as an infant sinks to sleep, the pure spirit of the great Washington was borne by the angels of light to the home of the righteous. His life had been one of severe trials and great triumphs, but his actions had all been governed by good and noble principles, and appropriate and truthful to his life and character were his *last* words, "All is well."

How very different the life and acts of one of the noted Kings of England, Henry the Eighth. Historians have yet to inform us if there was *one* commendable trait in his character. He reigned nearly forty years, and there was nothing too cruel, too brutal, too vicious, for this infamous wife-slayer prince to execute, if agreeable to his selfish, unreasonable will. The good and noble, the high and low, the pure and innocent, the fair and beautiful, were put to prison, torture, and death, in the most cruel and unjust manner. Fearful, indeed, as one might expect, was the death scene of this monarch. We are told he was more furious than a chained lion. He had always been stern and severe, now he was outrageous; and as the angels of darkness gathered around him, his anguish and remorse were greater than can be expressed. The sensual, impervious tyrant of England learned, at a dreadful price, that his evil, sinful acts were angels of darkness and terror.

It is a beautiful thought to the good and pure that guardian angels are hovering near and protecting them from sin and evil. It is a belief that has comforted many a sorrowing heart; it has cheered and lightened the path of many a sad, grief-stricken one of earth; it has nerved the martyr to meet torture and death calmly and nobly. Angels laugh at bolts and prison bars, and though the innocent and good may be deserted and forsaken by every earthly friend, their good angels never leave them.

Such was the case of Mary, Queen of Scots, who was wrongfully and shamefully persecuted and injured by bitter, envious, detestable enemies. "No queen ever possessed higher talents or virtues. Her character was frank and beautifully proportionate. Never would more brilliancy of person and mind have excited such glowing friendship, such bitter envies, such lasting admiration and world-wide sympathy. But she was too trustful,—she confided in the treacherous too often,—she had not learned that there are always many persons utterly dead to every claim of reason, honor, and generosity." Her melancholy fate is one of the saddest records in history. Nineteen long, dreary years she was unjustly detained a prisoner by those who have no excuse to offer for their injustice, save that offered in the right of the strong over the weak. And yet, during all those long, weary years, guardian angels hovered near and cheered her lonely hours by their sweet and holy presence. She was purified like gold tried in the fire for the Kingdom of Heaven. And then, when the last bitter drop was added to her full cup, she bowed calmly and meekly to her fate; and as her head was placed upon the block, from her lips breathed the words, "O Lord, in thee have I hoped, and into thy hands I commit my spirit;" and the angels of light, robed in snowy whiteness, with golden harps and shining crowns, unfurled their angel wings and bore her pure spirit to the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, where no sin nor wrong can ever enter; but peace, and love, and joys unspeakable there have dominion. If Mary, Queen of Scots, had been governed by evil, sinful actions, such as by some are curiously imputed to her, never could she have faced her cruel, ignominious death, so hopeful, so trustful, so *Christ-like.*

Our actions are our angels for good or ill. If just and right, our consciences will be pure, our thoughts blessings, one life a pleasant reality. If not, our actions will haunt us with terror and remorse; our thoughts curses, and our life a fearful dream.

Gainesville Seminary, N. Y., 1861. Annie Patterson.

MAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.

Let him learn to be grateful to woman for this undoubted achievement of her sex, that it is she,—she, far more than he, and she too often in spite of him,—who has kept Christendom from lapsing back into barbarism—kept mercy and truth from being utterly overborne by those two greedy monsters,—money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward or lifted up the race has been furnished for such noble deed, and inspired with each patriotic and holy aspiration, by the untiring fortitude of some Spartan, or more than Spartan,—some Christian mother.

Moses, the deliverer of his people, drawn out of the Nile by the King's daughter, some one has hinted, is only a symbol of the way that woman's instincts always outwit the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him cheerfully remember, though the sinewy sex achieve enterprises on public theatres, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other that arm the mind and inflame the soul in secret. "A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere; man executes the performance, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort.

Above all, let not man practice on woman the perpetual and shameless falsehood of *pretending* admiration and *acting* contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness in adorning her person, and ask, in return, the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to every high opinion, as if she were not strong enough to maintain it against opposition; nor yet manufacture for her, and force it upon her lips by dictation. Let them not crucify her emotions, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her dependence, nor play mean jests upon her honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of her heart.—*Rev. F. D. Huntington.*

HOW LADIES SHOULD DRESS.

As you look from your window, in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion, but then, what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and more than all, how well they suit each other!

Before English women can dress *perfectly*, they must have the taste of the French, especially in color. One reason why we see colors ill-arranged in England is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues and without any thought of what is to be worn with it. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases their eye on the counter, forgetting what they have at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill, by its color, one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for the others. To be magnificently dressed costs money; but to be dressed with taste is not expensive. It requires good taste, knowledge and refinement. Never buy an article unless it is suitable to your age, habit, style, and rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly trimming with a common delaine, or cheap lace with expensive brocades.

What colors, it may be asked, go best together? Green with violet; gold with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips, and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach color, is perhaps, one of the most elegant colors worn. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. But whatever the colors or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace around the bosom and sleeves, the flowers—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn on the head, and flowers which are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.—*All the Year Round.*

DEIFYING THE FEMALE SEX.

Rev. Dr. Alexander, in his recent volume of sermons, utters the following solemn warning:—"What a horrid fraud Satan is practicing on the church in regard to the daughters of the covenant! In fashionable circles—dare I name them Christians—the years where girlhood merges into maturity are frequently sold to the adversary. The young American woman is taught to deem herself a goddess. If there be wealth, if there be accomplishments, if there be beauty, almost a miracle seems necessary to prevent the loss of the soul. Behold her pass from the pedestal to the altar; the charming victim is decked for sacrifice. Every breath that comes to her is incense. Her very studies are to fit her for admiration. Day and night the gay but wretched maiden is taught to think of self and selfish pleasures. Till some Lenten fashion of solemnity interrupt the whirl, the season is too short for the engagements. Grave parents shake their heads at magnificent apparel, costly gems, night turned into day, dances, at which the Romans would have blushed, pale cheeks, bending frames, threatened decay; and yet they allow and submit. And thus that sex, which ought to show the sweet, unselfish innocency of a holy youth, is carried to the overheated temples of pleasure. Thus the so-called Christian verifies the apostle's maxim: 'She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth.'"

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

O! BRIGHT GENESEE.

BY BELLE BUSH.

'Tis sweet at the twilight to wander alone,
O'er scenes that were hallowed in years which have flown;
'Tis pleasant to steal from the cold world away,
And tread the green hills where the quick breezes play;
But O! there's a joy more exquisite to me,
In the light of thy waters, O, bright Genesee!

The wild winds that wake when the day-beam is o'er,
Leave their harps on the willows that bend from thy shore.
And rich is the chime of their musical lay,
As its sounds through the woodland enchantingly stray;
But never had music such rapture to me,
As the voice of thy waters, O, bright Genesee!

Sweet smile of the valley, that winding afar,
Bears the flame of the sun or the sheen of a star,
"How calm on thy bosom of blue" could I glide
By thy dew dripping shores, to the chime of thy tide,
While the shadows of care from my spirit would flee
At the sound of thy waters, O, bright Genesee!

Thou mirror of beauty, how oft when a child
Have I climbed the dark hills, thro' the deep tangled wild,
And far from the scenes that encircled my home,
Looked down on thy surface, thy fret-work of foam,
And fair as thy waves, was the future to me,
As I trod thy green borders, O, bright Genesee!

But the dreams of my youth, the illusions of glory,
Have perished from earth like the fame of a story,
And weary of phantoms that folly had made,
I turn with delight to thy valley of shade;
But its shores with their hamlets look strangely to me,—
All changed, save thy waters, O, bright Genesee!

Thou fair, dimpled river, still chainless thou art,
With thy peace breathing numbers, enchanting my heart;
How gently its chords could be folded to rest,
In a wave of sweet song, on thy sky lighted breast,
Where the last notes they utter commingled should be,
With the voice of thy waters, O, bright Genesee!

Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AGRICULTURE—ITS NOBILITY.

The farmer has been sometimes styled Nature's nobleman, a title which expresses not inaptly his peculiar relations to the mysterious ruling power of the universe. The term nobleman, has generally been used to designate one who assists a monarch in the administration of his government. In like manner the farmer co-operates with nature in the production and distribution of her inestimable gifts, which are necessary to the support and comfort of man and beast. There are many who think farming a low and servile craft, and some even go so far as to affirm that it scarcely raises one above the brutes, but these I look upon as the conceptions of vulgar and grovelling minds, which are not apt to form their opinions from philosophical observation, but are chiefly influenced by outward appearances and prejudice, and often I am led to suspect that there is no small mixture of slothfulness and discontent in their combinations. Therefore, in order that we may not be led into any grievous errors, or narrow and one-sided views, let us give the subject a fair and candid examination, and for this purpose suppose we look for a moment at first principles. The harmony which is exhibited in the mechanism of the globe, and the nice adaptation of all its parts to their respective purposes, has been a source of unfailing admiration to philosophers of every age, and they have confessed that the deeper they extended their observations, the more surprising are the examples of the order and beauty of the vast machine, and the wisdom of the mind that projected it. The various processes, too, by which every end has been wrought out, discover an excellence and a magnitude before which man's greatest achievements pale their lustre and dwindle into insignificance.

The Great Artist evidently designed agriculture to be the chief source of our subsistence,—the parent of all other arts, the fountain head from which they flow. He seems to have blessed the pursuit, more abundantly than any other, with those gifts that are most highly prized and eagerly sought by all, namely, health and long life. And knowing, too, that without some employment existence would hang heavily upon us, he seems to have selected the culture of the earth as the most delightful of all occupations,—one worthy the pursuit of man in that perfect and blissful state which he enjoyed before his fall. The Israelites, on whom he bestowed so many signal marks of favor, and whose existence was calculated, like the golden age of Saturn, to be a realization of those dreams of happiness which humanity so fondly cherishes, were expressly limited by laws from any extensive intercourse or traffic with other nations, as if the cultivation of the soil, on which they mainly relied for support, was deemed the most happy and innocent employment they could be engaged in. A host of characters might be cited from scripture, such as the patriarchs, and King David himself, who followed agriculture, and who were particularly beloved by the Supreme Being; indeed, we will find that He was always the special patron of this art, and profuse in pouring out his greatest blessings upon its followers.

Agriculture is a favorite theme with the poets, and has given rise to some of their most beautiful effusions. The pastorals of antiquity breathe throughout such a spirit of sweetness, and domestic tranquility, and peace, as no other art could inspire. Could the business of a quibbling lawyer or fawning tradesman, which seem to possess such attractions in the eyes of our youth, ever be wrought into such melodious measures? Could any of their details suggest such noble thoughts and aspirations as fill the mind of the intelligent farmer, who daily holds communion with Nature in her most attractive forms, and who watches with unfailing interest the gradual unfolding and perfection of her mysterious operations,—the marvelous instances of her wise economy.

Many examples might be given of the love and devotion of distinguished men to the cause of agriculture; but as Americans, we need none brighter than that afforded by our own honored Washington, who looked forward with longing eyes to the shades of retirement and the sweets of rural life as the solace of his declining years—a haven of refuge from the turmoils and the distractions of office. There is Gen. Putnam, who, like Cincinnatus of old, left his plow in the furrow, and hastened at his country's call, to lead her armies to battle; and I might mention also that illustrious Senator who was said to have taken as much pride and satisfaction in the management of his Marshfield estate as in his brilliant political career. Prince Albert, too, has an extensive farm, conducted on the most approved plan, whither he withdraws in seasons of leisure from the pomp and bustle of royalty, to soothe his spirit in calm seclusion,—perhaps to forget for awhile the vast responsibility that rests upon crowned heads.

In America a bright future is opening, a noble destiny is unfolding for the cultivator of the soil. The institutions of learning that have been scattered broadcast throughout our land, are wielding a mighty influence. They are elevating him above the depths of ignorance and prejudice, to a high degree of cultivation and refinement. The intelligent farmer is taking his place in the highest circles of society, side by side with the wealthy lawyer, the successful merchant, and the accomplished scholar. His profession is fast rising in the scale of public estimation, for which thanks are in a great measure due to the amount of talent and ability that has of late been brought to bear upon it by the invention of labor-saving machines and the wide circulation of agricultural journals. The elegant surroundings of taste, and the comforts and conveniences of superior knowledge which are now often seen around the farmer's home, evince a spirit of improvement and intellectual advancement, not merely local and temporary, but widespread and permanent.

One of the chief reasons why farming has been hitherto regarded with so little favor, is the unfortunate aversion which mankind are wont to cherish against all kinds of manual labor. That this is owing in part to the perversity of our natures, I make no doubt; but I am strongly inclined to the belief that it is partly the remains of that deep rooted prejudice existing when the most respectable calling was accounted that of arms. This feeling seems to have taken about as deep a root in the minds of men as the propensity to duelling, another relic of a barbarous age. We venture to hope, however, that as the world progresses in knowledge and enlightenment, these ideas will vanish, and the profession of agriculture be regarded in its true light,—one of the very noblest on earth. Cubur.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1861.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Health is to be regarded as the chief of earthly blessings. It is one upon which all others must, in a great measure, depend. It has also more to do for the mind than has been supposed. Strength of intellect, moral power, serenity of temper, all derive more or less from physical health of the individual. And happiness has certainly this for its material foundation. Of what value is a fine mansion to the owner who is bed-ridden? A sumptuous table to a miserable dyspeptic? Parks and shaded avenues to a man with the gout? Carriages, horses, servants, every luxury, to one who is ever tormented with rheumatic twinges? The plow-boy who goes whistling to the field, full of rosy-hued health, may well be envied by the consumptive land-holder or banker, who watches him, while he sits coughing in his lordly chamber. And what think you the faded, ailing, carefully preserved, woman of fashion would give, to exchange her false curls and cosmetics for the natural, ruddy hues and glowing beauty of her washer-woman's daughter?

We may have wealth, friends, books, splendid drawing rooms, the finest pew in church, everything money can command—still, the enjoyment of every blessing refers back to health. The apprentice in the gallery enjoys the play more in one evening, at the modest cost of two shillings, than Mrs. Weak-nerves in her expensive box during the whole season. Old Asthmatic's magnificent estate is not a tenth part as much as his woodchopper's, who goes singing in the woods every morning, with his axe on his shoulder and his luncheon in his pocket.

Health, then, is to be prized first of all; and no blessing of minor importance can safely be purchased at its expense. To its maintenance or restoration, riches, pursuits, and more than all, pleasures, are to be freely sacrificed, if necessary. What use is a trade or profession to him who has broken his constitution in obtaining it? How much better for himself, yonder sickly and effeminate clergyman would have done, had he neglected theology and given more attention to his bowels! What are all pleasures now to the wretched sensualist, whose capacity for enjoyment has been destroyed by perversion and excesses? And what is wealth to him who has expended all the vital essence and exuberant juice of his constitution in a life of toil and care?

MANLY MEN.

A man may chain his appetites and hold the realm of knowledge within the cincture of his brain, and yet, in the saddest aspect of all, be overcome by the world. And again I say, how startling is the fact that one may hold on steadily up to a particular point, and there all gives way. O, my brother man, meaning to live the life of duty, the life of religion! the world is a mighty antagonist, subtle as it is strong; more to be dreaded in its whispers to the heart's secret inclinations than in gross shapes of evil. And let me say to you that it is a great thing in this respect to overcome the world. It is a great thing, by God's help and your own effort, to keep it in its place, and say to its eager pressure, "Thus far and no further." A great thing, O merchant! to carry the clue of rectitude through the labyrinths of traffic, and to feel the woof of eternal sanctions crossing the warp of the daily interests. A great thing, O politician! to withstand the fickle teachings of popularity, to scorn the palatable lie, and keep God's signet upon your conscience. A great thing, O man! whatever your condition, to resist the aspects of envy and revenge, of avarice and pleasure, and to feel that your life has higher ends than these. Strenuous must be the endeavor, but proportionately blessed is the victory of him who in these issues overcomes the world.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

Evil Passions.—Evil passions exert a powerful influence over the understanding; they derange its action, and, having the art of self-concealment, are likely to operate with greatest fatality when least exposed to the notice of their victim. Of the drunkard, it is often said that he is a poor judge of himself, often imagining himself to be sober when he is not. It is very much so with all the evil passions that prey upon fallen humanity; they beguile and deceive, ruin and destroy, without any advertisement of their presence, except in their results. They shrink from the blaze of conscience, and burrow in the heart.

Some men of a secluded and studious life have sent forth from the closet or the cloister beams of intellectual light that have agitated courts and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon that, far removed from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene light, is yet the chief cause of all the eddyings and flowings of that world of waters.

Good Temper.—Good temper is the philosophy of the heart—a gem of the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light, and life, to all within the sphere of its vast influence.

Sabbath Musings.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven,
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give, as He gave thee who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life, as the summer shower's pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary;
Though from its pulses a faint miserere
Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;
Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart gives thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CONSCIENCE.

There is an innate principle in man which decides the moral quality of every action. However depraved or fallen from his original state of purity, this God-given faculty still continues to perform its intended mission. It is optional with man whether its voice shall be heard and obeyed, or its monitions be unheeded and disregarded. Yet it is an awful thought, that, with every impulse of conscience, it brings with it new relations and obligations to ourselves and to God. The authority of conscience is imperative, and we may not violate its laws with impunity. Notwithstanding, by continued departure from its impressions, our hearts become seared, and the pangs of conscience so diminished, that we may now perform that which once would have caused our inmost souls to shrink and draw back. How the child feels poignant remorse after the first act of pilfering; but, by continued acts of theft, he becomes so hardened that he has no dread of anything, save the possible detection of his crime,—as seen in the case of Burke, who was in the habit of murdering men for the purpose of selling their bodies to surgeons for dissection. At first he felt all the horrors which could wring the heart of a murderer, but, by continued commission of his hellish crimes, his conscience became so benumbed that he could take the life of a fellow man with as much composure as a butcher would slaughter a beast. Thus we see that, by continued violation of the dictates of conscience, we degenerate almost into brutes. Hence, our conscience should be enlightened by the Word of God; seek to know His will; obey every impulse which would lead in the way of truth. In order that we may accomplish these most desirable results, it would be well, first, before performing an act, to study its *moral* quality, and deliberate respecting its real nature. Also, we should remember that conscience has been so often *abused*, that it may not *always* be trusted; and whenever a doubt is entertained respecting an act, let it *never* be performed. This was President Edwards' plan:—"Resolved, Never to do anything of which I so much question the lawfulness, as that I intend, at the same time, to consider and examine afterward whether it be lawful or not, except I as much question the lawfulness of the omission. Manly S. H.

Lima, N. Y., 1861.

Motives to Holiness.—A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon—he knows not how soon—to be translated to heaven should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of their companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the court of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips should be pure and holy; and I should be dead to the world and live for heaven.—*Alb. Barnes.*

Goodness and Greatness.—There is nothing but man, says an old writer, that respecteth greatness—not God, not nature, not disease, not death, not judgment. Not God—He is no acceptor of persons. Not nature—we see the sons of princes born as naked as the poorest; and the poor child as fair, well-favored, strong, witty as the heir of nobles. Not disease, death, judgment—they sicken alike, die alike, fare alike after death. There is nothing, besides natural men, of whom goodness is not respected. I will honor greatness in others; but for myself, I will esteem a drachm of goodness worth a whole world of greatness.

It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful and yet salutary to think of; for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life, without sentinels of watchfulness, and camp-fires of prayer.

Some religionists would make contempt of the creation a test of piety; but they greatly err. It was of the material universe that six times over God said that it was "good."

He that puts a Bible into the hands of a child, gives him more than a kingdom, for it gives him a key to the kingdom of heaven.—*Dr. Buchanan.*

Saving faith is conquering faith; it conquers sin, Satan, the world, and death; it goes on in its warfare and its conquests until crowned with glory.

The Traveler.

[Foreign Correspondence of the Rural New-Yorker.]

A STROLL IN FLORENCE.

NOTHING in or about Florence so disappoints the keen-eyed lover of beauty, as the color of the Arno. We have read, we have dreamed of the beauties of the Val d' Arno; we know the river is narrow in some places, but still we unconsciously expect to see such a stream as one of those which glide in beauty through our unrivaled woods and fields and villages, with clear and joyous ripple over stones, which one may see glittering in the sun. Then come to the Arno,—it is dull, dark, dingy, yellow brick green color. When BYRON so eloquently apostrophises the Tiber,

> "Rise with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress,"

we fancy the "yellow waves" to be very grand. Long ago, we were greatly enamored of a paragraph of HALLAM's, where he speaks of the "yellow Arno, stealing silently through its long reaches to the sea." But when "yellow" is translated by the eye to mean *mud*, simply *mud*, one cannot help feeling disappointed. Still, after all, it is the Arno; and when swollen by rains, and a greenish tint added, our enthusiasm somewhat revives.

This street here is termed the Lung' l' Arno, and is quite wide. Passing the Ponte Santa Trinita, that bridge which with its four marble statues and its beautiful arches has stood for hundreds of years, the admiration of the world, we are stopped by a vender of small cakes, who has his station at the corner. He utters a peculiar wailing cry, of "Galotti," (little cakes,) which is very disagreeable. On the opposite corner of the bridge is a blind old sailor, with a placard on his breast, "Aveugle." He looks dirty enough, poor creature, to deserve canonization. Look at this fellow a few steps further, lying at full length on the stone sill of an old palace, with his brigand's hat pulled over his eyes. Here it is the sixth day of April, and warm as our summer, and he lies in this scorching sun fast asleep.

What a pity one cannot extend enthusiasm from the aggregate to the individual. Here we feel such interest in Italy, and her glorious hopes and possibilities, that we can hardly read, without a heart-throb, the last news, but for one of her sons we feel nothing but disgust—cosi va il mondo.

There is a regiment of Neapolitan soldiers just arrived to-day; there is one, with a knot of loungers about him, telling, perhaps, how the young King left Gaeta. There is a Bersagliere, or Sardinian rifleman; the faces of these boys, for they are all young, are very interesting. They are generally dark, with a bold and fearless air, that has the vigor of their own mountains.

Look down that street; there is a characteristic scene; two men are playing on harps, and a third is dancing in the middle of the street, soliciting *cragie* by the most ludicrous jumpings and twirlings of his body, going through such a series of changes as no ordinary joints and muscles could achieve. There goes an old woman, and a little boy running, to see all they can, and peasants with their flapping straw hats. The street will be full in a moment. We will cross the Ponte Vecchio. This curious old bridge, like the Rialto at Venice, is a street of shops, and is roofed over from end to end. It is often called the "Jewelers' Bridge," for it is lined with shops of goldsmiths and jewelers. Their windows and stalls glitter with precious stones, and the bridge is always thronged. Tuscans are very fond of jewels, but none of the meanest peasants will wear any article made of impure gold. The precious stones, Lapis Lazuli, Agate, Malachite, &c., with us so costly, can here be bought at very low prices.

In Florence you see at every turn some work of art. At the head of the bridge is a statue of AJAX. Here is a flock of monks coming. I always wonder, when I see them walking about amongst the people, what mischief they are brewing. Their influence has again and again crushed out the hopes and the strivings of the Italians and given Liberty its death-stab. The lines of GIUSTI, (which in his lifetime were prohibited, but are now widely circulated,) in his bitter and severely-mournful satire, "La Terra de Morti,"—the Land of the Dead,—often come to one's lips on passing the black-robed monks,—

> "Oh Frati soprastanti,
> Oh birri inquisitori,
> Pesato di censori," &c.

But these thoughts of the dark past, and the future, where Hope beckons among the clouds,

> "An Iris amidst the surge,"

beguile us from our walk. Let us proceed. Notice the extreme cleanliness of these broad stone pavements. It shames our cities in America. Men with brooms are always at work, and each street is like a sidewalk. This is true of all Italian cities, but Milan and Florence are especially noted for clean streets.

The streets, except one or two modern ones, are very narrow, with lofty walls on each side. Turning from a sunny square into one of these cold, dark avenues, one experiences a vast change of temperature—sometimes apparently twenty degrees, which, during winter and the early spring, is a serious drawback. Every one walks in the middle of the street, and to look forward upon the thronging multitude, a stranger imagines that there is some unusual excitement. But it is only an every day crowd, who move quietly on, swaying aside for the peculiar call and crack of the whip by which the hack drivers clear the way.

The palaces are frowning, gloomy old structures, awing the mind by their massive grandeur, to which the cold color of the stone adds an element of shadow and distrust. The large, rugged bossages of the lower stories suggest a castle with its besiegers, while the lighter upper stories remind us only of fair and helpless women looking forth in terror. But as you stand gazing, perchance one of the huge iron doors swings upon its hinges. As the footman in gay livery passes out, you catch a glimpse of a marble-paved court, with a fountain, and a charming vista of trees, oleanders in bloom, twining ivy with its festoons, live oaks, and shrubs; or a long colonnade, with rich frescoes, and servants passing in and out. Such a contrast has this view with the external gloom of the building, that you feel as if you had suddenly peeped into Blue Beard's treasure chamber. Such pretty vignettes for memory I have often seen.

We are detained for a moment by one of those nuisances, a match-vender. With his basket depending from his neck, full of brushes and boxes of "Lucifers," he constantly vociferates "two for a cragio, oh! buy, buy, three for a cragio! It is tedious, but then one cannot be angry with these Tuscans, they are so good natured.

Here we are in the Piazza di Gran Duca; one of the most interesting spots in all Florence. A large open square, where on one side rises the Palazzo Vecchio, erected in 1298, as a residence for the Gonfaloniere, and magistracy of the then Republic of Florence; opposite is the post-office, and other offices, and for several hours each day this square is crowded with Florentine business men, like another Wall street.

Here comes, first of all, the devout Art-Pilgrim, and what a feast of enjoyment is here! Pre-eminent, before the Palazzo Vecchio, stands one of the greatest creations of the greatest mind of medieval times, the David of MICHAEL ANGELO. The grand majesty of this figure, triumphant with the strength and glory of a conqueror, erect in conscious pride as the deliverer of Israel, makes a powerful impression. Criticism cannot detract from it. Another colossal statue of Hercules subduing Cacus, by BACCIO BANDINELLI, is on the other side of the entrance. To the right stretch out the Colonnades of the Uffizzi, or Imperial Gallery of paintings and sculptures, with their rows of colossal statues.

The Loggia de Lanzi, or Arcade, has three circular arches, with columns with Corinthian capitals. Under these magnificent arches are the statues, whose names are so familiar. Foremost is Perseus with the head of Medusa; it is more interesting for what it suggests of the sweet story of Andromeda, and of Kingsley's fine poem, than for its own sake, animated and vigorous though it is. There is the Roman and the Sabine maiden, by John of Bologna; the Judith of Donatello, the dying Ajax, the Centaur, two Greek lions, who look as stern as becomes animals of such royal lineage. Behind is a row of colossal female figures, called Sabine goddesses, who stand in their severe draperies, like petrified reprovers of all impropriety.

The Loggia amply re-pays repeated studies. On the other side of the square is the equestrian statue of Cosmo de Medici, pater patriæ, first Grand Duke of Tuscany. The irreverent thought would intrude that this statue is no correct representation of the Medici, who governed the city of Florence with whip and goad, as one reins in a rebellious charger, and though often ousted from the seat of power, speedily vaults again to the saddle. Poor Florence! forever rent between the tyranny of democracy and the tyranny of despotism. And yet in all these years of carnage and treachery, Art maintained her sway. The taste, the skill of the wonderful Etruscans, that gifted and mysterious race, survived them.

> "E'en in their ashes, lived their wonted fires,"

and kept pure the worship of Art.

What scenes has this old square witnessed! What thoughts crowd upon us, as protean as the hues of the water which the Tritons of Neptune spout forth in yonder fountain.

Think of that Carnival day of 1496, when by the suddenly lighted zeal, which the words of Savonarola, that fierce-reforming monk, had kindled, there burst forth the immense conflagration of books, perfumes, shawls, dresses, musical instruments, drawings, paintings, and innumerable costly and valuable articles. The fanatics, led on by Savonarola, danced with the monks around the blazing pyramid, a friar and a layman joining hands, keeping up a wild chant and uttering shrill cries, while the flames streamed up to the massive battlements of the old palace, and danced with fitful shadows in and out among the arches of the Loggia.

Contrast this with the scene two *years* after, when in the very same spot, instead of the flames of pomp and vanities, Savonarola himself was burned to death, by the inhuman order of Pope Alexander. "A few years more of life would have shown Savonarola that by burning books and pictures he had burned out no portion whatever of wickedness from the hearts of the Florentines; and Alexander had time to see that the atrocious murder of the friar had no power to extinguish the spirit which had animated him." This, alas, too frequent resort of tyrants, had always brought the same result. What says the old couplet?

> "The Severn to the sea
> And Wickliffe's ashes spread shall be"

But while we are trying to quote this, and succeeding in misquoting, we turn the corner of Via Calcialai, and new faces and ideas surge upon us. What a crowd of people! Hear this red-capped and green-coated man, calling out, "Venia due, Tre, Nove," &c.,—the successful numbers probably of a recent lottery. Hark! there is the bell of the Misericordia, pealing from the Piazza del Duomo. We often meet their melancholy processions; ten or twelve men clothed in black, with black hoods and masques, which have only small spaces for the eyes, carry a bier, covered with a black cloth, over sticks so arranged as to arch, thus giving air to the poor sufferer they support. They carry in this way, the very poor to the hospital, the wounded, or accidentally killed, to their friends. This Brotherhood of Mercy is a voluntary association of citizens, from the Prince to the poorest workman; they are summoned by the bell of their chapel near the Grand Duomo, and are bound at any hour of the night or day, no matter where or how engaged, to obey its summons. They are called to the sick and to the dying, and so complete is the disguise, that no one of them knows his nearest neighbor in good deeds, and no conversation is allowed amongst them. They attend a poor man, dress his wounds and care for his comforts for days, without uttering a word. This is one of the institutions of the Church of Rome which partakes of the true spirit of religion. It originated in the thirteenth century, and they are often mentioned as the Fratelli dei Neri.

We turn up now the Via Strozzi, and pause with interest before the great Strozzi Palace. We recall, as in a dream, that the first stone was laid on the 6th of April, 1489. Just 372 years to-day. There was Philippo Strozzi, with his proud dreams of adding, by the stately pile that soon should rise to the fame of his family, to their greatness and advancement. He did not live to see its completion, but it was finished by his wife. His son Philippo Strozzi, the banker of the two Medicean Popes, was also a schemer and full of ambition for his house. His character is more remarkable than admirable. With the endowments of a fine intellect, a clear judgment, a taste for literature, a capacity for practical affairs, affable presence, and agreeable person, he might have been the hero, rather than the capitalist of his age. But his mean devotion to self-interest, his narrow policy, which knew no noble purpose, pursued through years of laborious effort, and through depths of infamy, which make his name conspicuous as one of the calculating "Trimmers" of history, after all betrayed him to the dungeon in which he met his miserable death.

The tragedy of his daughter Luisa Strozzi, still furnishes a theme for novelists, and his younger daughter, Maddalena Strozzi, wife of Angelo Doni, is perpetuated on the canvas of Raphael. The career of Philippo Strozzi is full of interest to us now. For the history of that wonderful "Renaissance time of the awful drama in which Kings, Popes, and Emperors, played their part with fearful severity, and crushed out Hope and Liberty, cannot be otherwise than replete with instruction to the Italian of the present day. Italian liberty has been ever the turning point on which hinged the dominance of Papacy. But now the struggle is carried on under very different circumstances.

> "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

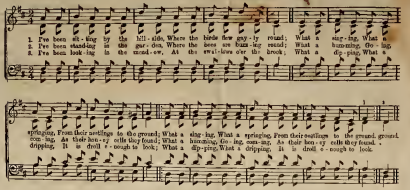
Half Christendom now watches Italy with eager sympathy. "The days of the Papacy are numbered," said Garibaldi the other day, in his note, acknowledging the receipt of some English Bibles. This is like his simple earnest faith in the onward progress of events, in the complete redemption of this fair country, so long oppressed. It is this very simplicity and single heartedness of purpose, that gives Garibaldi so strong a hold upon the people. They idolize him; a Neapolitan cried the other day, "There is no Paradise without him; oh! Garibaldi is Heaven.

But it is now near five o'clock, and all the world at this hour goes to walk on the Cascine, so au revoir.

Florence, April 6, 1861. ANNO.

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission

BIRDS, BEES AND SQUIRRELS.


1. I've been sit - ting by the hill - side, Where the birds flew gay - ly round; What a sing - ing, What a springing, From their nestlings to the ground; What a sing - ing, What a springing, From their nestlings to the ground. ground.
2. I've been stand-ing in the gar - den, Where the bees are buzz - ing round; What a hum-ming, Go - ing, com - ing, As their hon - ey cells they found; What a humming, Go - ing, com-ing, As their hon - ey cells they found.
3. I've been look - ing in the mead - ow, At the swal-lows o'er the brook; What a dip-ping, What a dripping, It is droll e - nough to look; What a dip-ping, What a dripping, It is droll e - nough to look.
1
2

4. I've been wandering by the woodland,
Where the squirrels * sport so free,
What a springing,
Running, leaping,
Up and down, from tree to tree.

5. While all creatures are so happy,
While they sport in beaming light,
I'll be striving,
I'll be thriving,
Ever cheerful, ever bright.

6. Soon the neighbors now will join us,
With the sun's departing ray,
Then with singing,
Voices ringing,
We will close a happy day.

* Pronounce either *squirril* (short i as in the first syllable of miracle), or *squrrel*.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 1, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Extracts from the Southern Press.

FOR THE UNION.—The Frankfort, (Ky.) Commonwealth says:

"It has been a generally received opinion that whenever the Ancient Dominion took snuff, Kentucky (her daughter,) would most dutifully sneeze. That's an old fogy idea and ought to be laid aside. Kentucky will never permit a rabid and fanatical minority to saddle her with secession and bully her out of the Union, as Virginia was saddled and bullied. Never; no, never. The Union men of Kentucky will not consent to be transferred to Jeff. Davis like so many chattels. Mind that. If any such attempt is made in this State, it will be the signal for civil war, and the Union men will rise in their might and crush out and wipe out the last vestige of secession in Kentucky. ON THAT THEY ARE DETERMINED. They have stood about as much as they can already. Better not crowd them too far.

"The disunion papers and orators are trying to make the present state of public affairs a *personal* matter between Jeff. Davis and Abe Lincoln. They hope in this way to enlist Southern sympathy, and gerrymander Kentucky out of the Union. It will not do. The true issue is: Shall this government be broken up because Breckinridge was not elected President, and we go into a state of anarchy and mob rule; or shall this glorious government, the best government the world ever saw, be sustained?

"WE ARE FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, *and we don't care a continental anathema who knows it.*"

THE REIGN OF TERROR.—If we are to judge by the following extract, the predicament of the South is anything but pleasing. The Richmond Enquirer exclaims:

"Is the torch of the Northern incendiary already at work in Richmond? The continual sound of fire bell during the last two days suggests the thought. That dismal sound is never absent from the ear. During the last eighteen hours there have been no less than four fires in Richmond, and while we write these lines, at 12 o'clock on Wednesday night, the alarm again rings, and the horizon is again lurid with flame and smoke. If this be really the work of incendiaries, we hope the jail and court-room will not be defiled with their presence. The burning house is their fit dwelling. Let them lie in the bed they make."

"NOTICE TO THE WORLD."—Under this caption, a Vicksburg (Miss.) exchange remarks:

"Every volunteer from this State and Louisiana is a gentleman. He must be treated as such. No deck passage, no hard commons for him, if it can be avoided. He is an honor as well as a defense to his country."

We hope the "World" will make a note of the fact. When a Mississippi soldier is shot down, he should have a bed of rose leaves to die on. He should feed on canvas-back ducks, and have two negroes to carry his musket. When gentlemen go to war, they should have gentlemanly treatment throughout. The "Red Glove Battalion," from the South, we understand, grease their boots with the oil of lavender, and catch cold if they sleep in a room with a damp tumbler. Their tents are to be filled up with French bedsteads, bureaus, and looking-glasses, while they are only to drill in pleasant weather. They may be very nice troops to look at through a smoked glass, but they are hardly the men to contend with the brawny arms to be found in the New York fire brigade. The Mississippi and Louisiana troops are too fine for use. Soldiers who wish to fight under umbrellas and sun-shades won't do for rough work. They might better be kept at home to adore picture books.

SECESSION IN MISSOURI SMOTHERED.—The secessionists of Missouri are just now in a peculiarly pleasant fix and frame of mind. Their St. Louis organ, the Republican, one of whose editors was among the captured rebels in Camp Jackson, takes a survey of the field, and in a spirit of true philosophy advises its friends to keep as cool as possible. It says:

"In the present temper of the people,—wronged and degraded as they have been by recent unlawful and outrageous acts of men who had not even a *commission* to hear them out in their attack of Camp Jackson, and in the breasts of whom personal malice had a prominent place,—now, when thousands of mercenaries are quartered among us, to overawe and enforce obedience,—it is very possible that the suggestions of Gen. Harney may be read with some impatience at the restraint imposed upon them by a military chieftain. At all events, there can be no mistaking the import of his orders, conveyed in courteous but determined terms, as they may be summed up in a few words:—Gen. Harney's instructions command him to retain Missouri in her present and past position of loyalty to the Union, and this he is to do at the hazard of lighting up war all over the State, by marching his troops to put down any organization which may be tortured, as Camp Jackson was, into hostility to the Federal Government.

"*It is no use to mince matters.* Gen. Harney feels himself *able* to put down all opposition wherever it may show itself, and the significance of his manifesto is embraced in this fact alone. St. Louis is overawed by armed bands of men, eager for a fray, and seeking the opportunity to glut their vengeance upon those who, up to the present time, were their neighbors and friends, but who are so no longer. The whole eastern front of the Mississippi river is commanded in the same way, and the Iowa and Kansas borders are, or soon will be, equally well guarded. Gen. Harney's manifesto is modest enough in *not* setting forth with some particularity these facts, and the advantages which they give him, but we are restrained by no such delicacy, and notify the people of them, that they may take warning. The State of Missouri is so enfiladed and controlled by the military forces levied by the United States Government, that *it would be worse than madness to think of opposing them with any expectation of success.* So much we have felt ourselves bound to say by way of caution to the people of Missouri."

In a subsequent issue the Republican grows more mild, and discourses at length the policy and plans adopted by the Legislature, avowedly with a view to put the State in a condition of defense against all hostile aggression, concluding "that the measures are wholly impracticable and cannot be made to answer the purpose intended." It closes thus:

"And now, having disposed of these, the most important acts of the session, we address ourselves to the people of Missouri. * * * We caution you, therefore, that a peace policy is the only one which can save this State from bloodshed and ruin. It is madness to think of anything else. * * * Let Missourians stop the insufficient and worse than useless preparations for defense, which, at best, would only last until the Union armies had overrun the State,—let them go quietly to their homes, and remain there in the cultivation of their farms, and all will be well. Missouri occupies a position different from that of the seceded States, and a fearful responsibility will rest upon her authorities if, by mischance, a collision should take place in any part of the State."

THE correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, at Montgomery, writes to that journal, under date of May 14th, as follows:—"The veil of secrecy covers all the deliberations of Congress; yet the opinion prevails here that a formal declaration of war against the United States will soon be made, and that a vigorous attack on Washington will immediately follow. I do not, of course, vouch for the truth of this statement, and merely give it as the index of the public mind. It is reported here that official information has been received that troops from the North are pouring continuously into the capital of the old government, and it is thought that before we could possibly begin our assault, Washington will be defended by 20,000 men, supplied with all the enginery of war. The time for taking the old seat of government without a desperate battle has evidently gone by; yet its doom is sealed. The fixed and unalterable determination to capture this city is the prevailing sentiment of our people, and satisfaction gleams from the eyes of every soldier whose destination is Washington."

THE Whig, published at Elkton, Maryland, gives the true Union ring in its tones, although issued in a Slave State, and one hoped for by the rebels:

"There are but two parties in the United States to-day. One of them is in favor of sustaining, and the other in favor of destroying the Government; and it is utterly impossible for a man to remain neutral, or even to sophisticate his mind to such an extent as to believe he can do so. In the contest now waging between the friends and enemies of the Government, no American citizen can remain in a neutral or indifferent position. It is an impossibility. It is contrary to human nature; and the man who asserts that he can and does, asserts that which he knows to be false. Every man, and woman too, is on one side or the other—is arranged with those who are *for* the Flag, or those who are *against* it—is a loyal American or a traitor.

"The day of reckoning is not far distant, in which it will be decided that those who are not for their country were against it. Every consideration of honor, of duty, and of safety, then, behooves you to sustain the Star Spangled Banner. For depend upon it, long after this wicked and unnatural rebellion has been crushed out, those who in any way aided and abetted, or even sympathized with it, will be remembered and made to feel the vengeance of an offended people, and the majesty and power of a violated law. Whoso readeth let him understand."

SECESSION in Kentucky received a staggering blow on Saturday, (says the Louisville Journal,) and Louisville covered herself with imperishable honor.—There were 8,112 votes cast for the Union delegate ticket, when the aggregate vote of the city at the Presidential election was only 7,453. Bourbon county gives 730 majority for the Union; Nicholas county 1,200 majority for the Union; Mason county 2,233 majority for the Union; Lewis county 1,340 majority for the Union; Fleming county 1,600 majority for the Union, and we might thus enumerate nine tenths of the counties in "Old Kaintuck."

THE Memphis Avalanche perceives signs of trouble from the negroes in that city, and calls upon the Government to take every possible precaution.

Protection from Sun-Stroke—Cap Covers.

DURING a summer campaign in the Southern States, our soldiers must, of necessity, suffer a great deal from heat, and incur much danger from the effects of the sun. The matter has already engaged the attention of patriotic and philanthropic individuals, and various measures have been suggested to lessen the danger of sun-stroke, and other affections of the sort. Among the contrivances designed to accomplish this subject, is the "Havelock" cap cover, a description of which is embodied in an article subjoined, taken from the New York *Times*, of May 6th, with some additions.

Experience has shown that troops serving in warm climates greatly need protection from sun-stroke, often quite as dangerous and fatal as the fire of the enemy. The provident care and foresight of the British officers, in the recent campaigns in India and in the Crimea, protected their soldiers from the danger, by *thick white linen cap covers*, having a cape protecting *the back of the neck*, which reflected instead of absorbing the heat of the sun. They were also extensively worn by the French troops in the campaign of Solferino. They derive their name, "Havelock," from being worn by the soldiers under his command in defending Lucknow against the Sepoys.

The regions in and about Washington, say from latitude 37° to 40°, in which our troops may soon take the field, have on average temperature quite as high as that of Lombardy or of the Crimea, in latitude 45°. An exact pattern of the cap cover used in the Crimea, was furnished last week by a British officer to an association of patriotic ladies in New York city, who have already completed *one thousand* for the use of one of our Regiments at Washington. Another association of ladies has since entered on a similar labor of love, to supply a like number to another Regiment. We trust that these examples may be followed, without delay, until all our troops shall be protected from needless exposure or hardship on the scorching plains of the South.

The material and patterns of the covers sent to those two Regiments, have been submitted to and approved by military officers high in command.

There is no difficulty or delay in forwarding these cap covers to the Regiments. A traveling trunk of ordinary size will hold at least *eight hundred*, and can be sent by express in twenty-four hours. To avoid delay, (now very important,) it should be sent directly to the Colonel or Regimental Quarter-Master. About fifty covers can be made from a piece of linen of twenty-three yards, costing about thirty cents per yard. The covers should be cut to suit the size and shape of the particular cap worn by the Regiment.

Affairs at Pensacola.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Times, on board the Powhattan, writes under date of May 16th:

"There is now no use of concealing the fact that the fight here will be one of the most desperate of the war. Our preparations are progressing rapidly, and fully justify us in the opinion that Fort Pickens is almost impregnable. But the gigantic strides making by Bragg's command, may well prevent us from anticipating a quiet capture of the Navy Yard and Barrancas, the possession of which is necessary to end hostilities in these parts. Now, it is on the best authority that I inform you that the Secessionists ashore muster 10,000 available fighting men, notwithstanding previous estimates. They are scattered for miles around, and have some of the best officers in America to regulate their movements. There are at least six batteries that may open on Fort Pickens, now concealed, and of course the exact places in which they are situated no one of us can find out. The skill of three United States military and naval officers has been concentrated to make these most powerful, and Cummings' Point ravages on Sumter indicate what a hidden battery may do.

Let it be distinctly understood then, that on land, at present, the Secessionists *number at least five times more than the Federal troops.* Take all your available men from the ships, and you cannot make up one-third of our enemy's strength. There have been serious impediments, too, placed in the water within eight days, and it is now very doubtful whether, forts left out, ships could go up to the Yard. Then Montgomery and Warrington are connected by the iron railway horse, and reinforcements may be poured in. I mention these matters only to plainly establish one fact—namely:—We cannot take a permanent offensive stand in Florida with 1,500 men. Defend Pickens, hold Rosas Island, batter down McRae and Barrancas, we may, but will the American people be satisfied with this? Let the Cabinet decide whether Federal forces are concentrated here to defend Pickens until it shall be made of little consequence, or to take the Navy Yard, and make the fort impregnable in time.

The Columbus Sun, of May 17, has this information:—"We are in receipt of a private letter from a friend in service before Fort Pickens. There are fifteen batteries erected, or in course of erection, and the soldiers were engaged in mounting mortars. Maj. Ben McCulloch, of Texas, is there, and will remain until after the fight. The writer says we need not be surprised to hear that the firing had commenced at any time after five days from the date of his writing, which was on the 10th inst."

The following is an extract from the Montgomery correspondence of the Charleston Courier, under date of May 11:—"I understood from a gentleman just arrived from Pensacola, that General Bragg expressed himself ready to commence an attack on Pickens yesterday. He has computed that in capturing the fortress 3,000 lives will be lost on our side. He says the place cannot be taken at a lesser sacrifice. From the great preparation in the Medical Bureau, I am inclined to think a speedy attack is premeditated. Surgeons seem to be in demand, and instruments and medicines more so. Each day several of the disciples of Galen are dispatched with their saws and tourniquets to the scene, and nearly all of them on leaving have been assured that they will soon have 'somebody' that 'is hurt' to attend to."

Departments of the United States Army.

As a matter of considerable importance to military men and the public generally, we append a statement of the geographical arrangement of the Army Department of the United States, corrected up to this date. They are as follows:

Department of the East.—This Department has been subdivided into three others, as follows:

Department of Washington.—The District of Columbia, according to its original boundary, Fort Washington and the country adjacent, and the State of Maryland, including Bladensburg and Baltimore. Head quarters at the National Capital.

Department of the South.—Eastern Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. Head-quarters, Fort Monroe, Va.

Department of Annapolis.—The country for twenty miles on each side of the railroad from Annapolis to the city of Washington, as far as Bladensburg, Md. Head-quarters at Annapolis.

Department of Pennsylvania.—The State of Pennsylvania, the State of Delaware, all of Maryland not embraced in the foregoing Departments. Head-quarters at Philadelphia.

Department of the West.—The country west of the Mississippi River and east of the Rocky Mountains, except those portions of it included within the limits of New Mexico. Head-quarters at St. Louis, Missouri.

Department of Texas.—The Government not having issued any new orders relative to this Department, and posts having been evacuated, it may be said to remain in *statu quo*.

Department of New Mexico.—The Territory of New Mexico. Head-quarters at Santa Fe.

Department of the Pacific.—The country west of the Rocky Mountains. Head-quarters at San Francisco.

Department of Utah.—The Territory of Utah, except the portion of it lying west of the 117th degree of west longitude. Head-quarters at Camp Floyd.

The War Begun—Advance on Virginia.

The telegraph, on the 24th ult., gave hints of stirring and important military movements in and about Washington. At 11 o'clock on the night of the 24th the Washington City National Rifles, Captain Smead, passed over the Long Bridge, which is about a mile in length, and unites Washington with the Virginia shore, and remained at the latter terminus until between one and two o'clock this morning, acting as an advance guard. These were followed by other District Volunteer Companies, acting in a similar capacity. Subsequently the New York 2d and 12th Regiments, and the Michigan and New Jersey Brigades crossed the Bridge, the Virginia pickets having been previously driven in by the advanced guard. One of the regiments took the road leading to Fairfax Court House, about twenty miles from Washington, while another one, the Jersey, stopped at the Forks, a mile from the Long Bridge, to await orders.

An advance into Virginia was also made from another point, namely, at the mouth of the Potomac Aqueduct at Georgetown. The 7th and 71st New York Regiments were among the troops, and after several hours' march, they occupied a point between the Bridge and Columbia Spring, on the line of the Washington and Alexandria Railroad.

Orders were issued on the 25th for two regiments (the 14th and 69th N. Y.,) to proceed to and occupy Alexandria, and Col. Ellsworth's Zouaves crossed over in boats, to seize Arlington Heights, which plainly overlook Washington. It was at least two o'clock in the morning before all the troops reached their destination. The troops which did not repair to Alexandria and Arlington Heights, were requested to guard important intermediate points between Washington and Alexandria. The District of Columbia militia did not return to Washington till half past six in the morning. From 6,000 to 10,000 troops were sent over into Virginia. Firing was heard occasionally by the brigade in the Virginia pickets.

All these orders were promptly and faithfully executed. The entrance into Alexandria was attended by an event which has cast the deepest gloom over the country. Col. Ellsworth, who hauled down the secession flag from the Marshall House, was shot. The particulars are as follows:

As steamers bearing Zouaves approached, the rebel sentinels fired in the air, and retreated to the main body, said to be about 500 strong; simultaneously with the landing of the Zouaves, the first Michigan regiment entered Alexandria, by the road leading from the Long Bridge, and proceeded direct to the Railroad Depot, of which they took possession, capturing a troop of rebel cavalry, their horses and equipments. The Zouaves landed in good order, each company forming in the street, facing the men. Col. Ellsworth was first to disembark, and his men were detailed to destroy the railroad track, which they promptly performed. Colonel Ellsworth then directed his Adjutant to form the regiment, and with the aid of Lieut. Winser started to cut the telegraph wires, and proceeded three blocks, when the attention of Col. Ellsworth was attracted by a large secession flag flying from the Marshall House. Col. Ellsworth entered the hotel, and motioning to a man in the hall, asked "who put that flag up?" "I don't know. I am a boarder here." Col. Ellsworth, Lieut. Wise, the Chaplain of the Regiment, Mr. Hosmer, a volunteer, and four privates, went up to the roof, when Col. Ellsworth cut down the flag. The party were returning down stairs, preceded by private Brownell. As they left the attic, the man who said he was a boarder, but who proved to be the landlord, Jackson, was met in the hall, having a double barreled gun, which he aimed at Brownell; the latter struck up the gun with his musket, when Jackson pulled both triggers, the contents lodging in the body of Col. Ellsworth. Brownell, with the quickness of lightning, leveled his musket and fired; the ball struck Jackson on the bridge of the nose, and crushed through the skull, killing him instantly. As he fell, Brownell thrust him through with a bayonet. Col. Ellsworth's companions held guard some ten minutes, until reinforced by company A. The company made a litter of muskets, placed the body on it, and returned to the boat, leaving a detachment to guard the hotel, and make prisoners of all its occupants.

The New York 67th Regiment is throwing up breastworks at Arlington Heights. Sherman's battery and the District of Columbia militia command the Maryland shore above Georgetown, and will meet any attack of forces moving from Harper's Ferry. The 69th Regiment captured 300 of the rebel force on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, near Alexandria.

Three fugitives, the property of Col. Mallory, commander of the rebel forces near Hampton, were brought in by our picket guard on the 25th. They represent that they were about to be sent south, and therefore sought protection. Major Cary came in with a flag of truce, and claimed their rendition under the Fugitive Slave Law, but was informed by Gen. Butler, that under the circumstances he considered the fugitives contraband of war, and had set them to work inside the fortress. Col. Mallory was politely informed that as soon as he should visit the Fortress and take a solemn oath to obey the laws of the United States, his property would be promptly restored. Another party came in this morning with a flag of truce, but with no better success. On their return it is supposed that they set fire to Hampton Bridge, an immense volume of smoke being now visible in that direction.

Copies of the following proclamation, by Major General Sanford, of the New York State Militia, in the United States service, have been extensively circulated in Fairfax county:

Headquarters, Department of Fairfax,
Va., Arlington House, May 25, 1861.

Fairfax county being occupied by the troops under my command, I deem it proper to repeat the publication of the assurances I have personally given to the good citizens about me, that all its inhabitants may return to, or may remain in their houses and their usual pacific occupations, in peace and confidence, and with assurance of protection to their persons and property, as the United States forces in Virginia will be employed for no other purpose than suppressing unlawful combinations against the constituted authorities of the Union, and of causing the laws thereof to be duly executed and respected.

By order of Major General, Chas. W. Sanford.
Geo. W. Morrill, Division Inspector.

Seizure of Telegraphic Dispatches.

A few days since, Mr. Murray, the United States Marshal, took possession of all the telegraph dispatches stored in the various offices between New York and Washington. The number seized in New York city was 255,500.

There were 305 packages of 700 each. The dispatches have not been removed from the telegraph office, but the room in which they are stored is under charge of two Deputy Marshals, who have possession of the keys.

When the Marshal made the seizure, he went accompanied by Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of Police, armed with the necessary papers, and with a sufficient force to execute his orders. He called Mr. Sandford, the President of the American Telegraph Company, aside, and informed him of the nature of his errand. Mr. Sandford, of course, could only submit to the seizure; but he said the company were responsible for the dispatches, and he wished the Marshal to give him a paper, showing that the seizure was made by order of the United States Government, and that the Government assumed the responsibilities of the company. The Marshal replied that it was but just that such a paper should be given, but that it should be drawn up with care, and would require considerable time. He assured him that it should be done as soon as possible, and said that meantime he would take possession of the dispatches, which he accordingly did. The desired paper was subsequently made out and presented to Mr. Sandford.

The orders for the seizure were received from Washington several days ago, which shows that government secrets do not suffer in the hands of the Marshal. The work of examining the dispatches is going on, but the number is so large that it will, of course, require a great deal of time to look over them. It is believed that a great deal of valuable information has already been obtained, and that much more is to come. It is intimated that many parties who have been in the habit of sending information to the rebel government have become very uneasy since this seizure, and that some have actually left for parts unknown.

The Vote in Virginia.

We gather all the intelligence obtainable relative to the vote in Virginia on the 23d ult.

A dispatch to the N. Y. Tribune says:—A respectable citizen from Fairfax county informs me that in his district 79 votes were cast for the Union, and 31 for secession; and that in Alexandria, where the usual vote is 1,000, there were only 800 votes for secession and 50 for the Union, in spite of the Virginia ordinance. My informant, with some nine others, openly voted for Chas. H. Upton as representative to the Federal Congress. This excited the wrath of a certain Captain Throckmorton, who was present with 20 armed ruffians for the purpose of controlling the election, and who left for Alexandria, vowing to return to-day and hang them all. My informant waited in vain for him until 10 o'clock this morning.

The aggregate vote in Uniontown, Clarksburg, Clayville, Grafton, Sardis, Roseburg, Portland, Piedmont and New Creek, Va., was 1,738 against ratifying the ordinance, and 66 for it.

Twenty counties in Western Virginia have been heard from. They give large majorities against secession.

Occoquan gave 60 votes against secession, but the rebel troops marched into town the next day and drove away the Union men.

California and Oregon.

Dates to May 11th, are received from California. The day the Express left, there was a Union meeting held in San Francisco. Nothing like it was ever before seen there. Business was entirely suspended. People filled the streets, and flags were as plenty as stacks of grain in a wheat field. Three speakers' stands were surrounded by thousands. Senator Latham, McDougal, Gen. Sumner and others, made addresses in favor of sustaining the Administration, and resolutions were adopted that secession be put down and the Union preserved complete. A procession marched through the streets, embracing all the military and civic organizations, with thousands of citizens on foot, horseback and in carriages. All political parties joined in the demonstration. San Francisco is unanimous for the Union and the Administration.

The Douglas State Committee have called a State Convention for July 4th. Their resolutions adopt the Union and the Laws for their platform.

The general belief is that matters at the East have reached such a pass that a terrible civil war is inevitable, and ought not to be shrunk from. The enthusiasm of the masses throughout the State for the Union and the formation of Union clubs, are a complete check on the utterance of secession sentiments. In the assembly yesterday, petitions from citizens of Eldorado were presented, praying for the passage of an act offering the President the credit of the State for any sum the Legislature may see fit, for the support of the government.

The people of Portland, Oregon, are in a blaze of patriotic excitement. Papers publish a call for a mass meeting to be held the 4th of May, of all citizens desirous of sustaining the National Government, and that the National flag shall not trail in the dust. Three companies of the United States Artillery—200 men and 75 horses, under Capts. Ord and Hardie, arrived at Sarpoonser from Oregon.

Affairs at Washington.

It appears that more than a month ago, our government gave notice to the powers in Europe that took part in the Congress at Paris in 1850, that they are willing to accept the code they adopted at that time, which declared privateering to be piracy. The government has received the amplest assurance from Austria that she will have nothing to do with the rebels whatever, whilst Prussia has not hesitated to manifest in plain terms her unequivocal sympathy with our country.

The Secretary of State has given notice to Mexico and other States, that the Monroe doctrine will be carried out with all the energy and force of the government, and that nothing in the shape of foreign intervention will be tolerated or submitted to for a single hour. Mexico has been assured, in the most pointed language, that she can depend on the active and determined support of this country, should any European power attempt to violate her soil. A warning has been given to Spain that if she ventures to accept the artful proffer of Dominica, she will do so at her peril.

The N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser* says, we learn from an authentic source from Washington, that the business for the extra session of Congress, to be convened on the 4th of July, will be so completely arranged and presented to them that a very short session will be required for its dispatch. According to present appearances almost perfect unanimity will prevail. Measures have been taken, with such a happy combination of vigor and wisdom, by the President and the Administration generally, that will receive prompt and cordial approval from the representatives of the people. An impetus will be given to the loyal sentiment which is so general, and every thing done that can be done to bring the conflict to a speedy and successful termination.

The same paper says information just obtained from a very competent source, leads us to a firm belief that Great Britain and France will concur with our Government in the steps that are now being taken to reassert its authority, and we can almost say that the French and English Ministers at Washington, and in fact the whole Diplomatic Representatives there have expressed their hearty approval and accord with the action of the Government. Between all Foreign Ministers and the Administration there exists a very full and cordial understanding, and with none more so than with Lord Lyons. It will be found that Lord Lyons will support the views expressed in the instructions to Mr. Adams, the American Minister at the Court of St. James.

The Secretary of War has sent the Governors of the different States a circular, as follows:

War Department,
Washington, May 22, 1861.

Dear Sir:—By a reference to general orders No. 15 of the War Department, a copy of which I herewith forward you, is given the plan of organization of the Volunteer forces called into the service of the United States by the President. You will here perceive that all regimental officers of those Volunteers, from Colonels down to Second Lieutenants, inclusive, are appointed by the Governors of the States.

Thus is confided to you the appointment of all these officers for the regiment furnished by your State. You will, I trust, excuse this Department for impressing upon you, in advance, the necessity of absolute adherence in your appointments to the following suggestions, which are deemed of the highest importance by the General-in-Chief, under whose advice they are submitted to you:—First, to commission no one of doubtful morals and patriotism, and not of sound health. Second, To appoint no one to a Lieutenancy, second or first, who is under the age of twenty-two years, or to a Captaincy under thirty years; and to appoint no field officers, Major, Lieut. Colonel, or Colonel, unless a graduate of the U. S. Military Academy, or who is known to possess military knowledge and experience, or who is under the respective ages of 35, 40, and 45 years.

This department feels assured that it will not be deemed offensive to your Excellency to add this general counsel, that the higher the moral character and general intelligence of the officers so appointed, the greater the efficiency of the troops and the resulting glory to their respective States.

I am sir, respectfully,
Simon Cameron, Sec'y of War.

The following important letter was written by the Secretary of State:

Department of State,
Washington, May 16, 1861.

Sir:—I have received your letter of yesterday's date, asking me to give in writing my reasons for considering an acceptance on your part of Gov. Letcher's proposition to purchase the steamships Yorktown and Jamestown, recently seized by his orders and now in his possession, an act of treason. With this request I readily comply.

An insurrection has broken out in several States of this Union, including Virginia, designed to overthrow the Government of the United States; the Executive authorities of the State are parties to that insurrection, and so are public enemies.

Their action in seizing or buying vessels to be employed in executing that design, is not merely without authority of law, but is treason. It is treason for any person to give aid or comfort to public enemies; to sell vessels to them, which it is their purpose to use as ships of war, is to give them aid and comfort.

To receive money from them in payment of vessels which they have seized for their purposes, would be to convert the unlawful seizure into a sale, and would subject the party offending to the pains and penalties of treason, and the government would undertake to bring the offender to punishment.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Wm. H. Seward.

To G. Henniken, Esq., Agent New York and Virginia Steamship Company, Washington.

The coast brigade, consisting of 1,000 of the best citizens of Staten Island, Jersey shore, embracing pilots, oyster, shad, and other fishermen, have not yet been accepted, notwithstanding they offer themselves to be disposed of under the rules and regulations of the Navy, and to serve as artillerymen, to be commanded by a Naval officer. The plan suggested by Commodore Paulding was to procure ten gun boats, and put one hundred of these men on board each boat and employ them to blockade, cut out vessels, capture prizes, and co-operate with the army on land. The most serious objection to the acceptance of this important body of men is the want of suitable steam gun boats and Naval officers to command them. Authorized parties here have tendered these men to the Secretary of the Treasury as a coast guard, but he doubts his authority to accept them without an act of Congress.

Judge Arny, bearer of dispatches, had an interview with the President and Secretary of War on the 24th, and tendered to them three regiments from Kansas, to co-operate with the Iowa regiment encamped at Keokuk, and the Illinois regiment encamped at Quincy, to protect the Union men of Northwest Missouri, and to secure a safe transit of stores and provisions over the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad to the West. Orders have been issued by the War Department to Capt. Benn, of Fort Leavenworth, to supply the Kansas regiments with arms and military equipments, and also horse equipments for a regiment of cavalry. The arrangement will furnish over ten thousand men, who will remain in camp in their respective States, ready to take possession of the Hamilton and St. Joseph Railroad.

Mr. Arny reports good rains in Kansas, and says that the crops of that State now look prosperous. The State Militia are being organized into eleven regiments, and the State authorities have determined to equip them as well as possible for home defence, having decided to discountenance any invasion of the State of Missouri, unless Missouri shall secede or invade Kansas, or the safe transit across the State be interrupted. With these arrangements and the prompt and decisive steps adopted by Gen. Harney and the co-operation of Gen. Price, the government expects peace to be maintained, both in Missouri and Kansas. Judge Arny reports a great want of suitable clothing for the military in Kansas, and has applied to Government for a supply, which will be granted.

A battery of the celebrated Whitworth guns, twelve pounders, with ammunition and cartridges complete, has just arrived in Washington, as a present to the Government from patriotic Americans abroad. Each one of the guns bears the following inscription:

"From loyal American citizens in Europe, 1861."

The Government is in possession of intelligence of the most startling character from Baltimore. Its advices are of such a nature as to leave no doubt that the pretended Union sentiment of that city, so far as certain prominent men are concerned, is false and hypocritical, and that the presence of United States troops has alone kept in check the enemies of the Government. The Administration in fact has positive information of new conspiracies against the Federal authority, in which many of the leading citizens of Baltimore are involved. Men who, in the presence of the United States troops have loudly professed their devotion to the Union, are now known to be secretly in favor of secession, and actually plotting to turn the State of Maryland over to the rebel government of Jeff. Davis. The Administration has the names of the leaders in these conspiracies, and accurate information regarding their plans, but these, of course, it prudently withholds from the public.

Postmaster General Blair prepared an order on the 25th, discontinuing the transmission of U. S. mails in Virginia and other seceded States, and annulling all contracts for the same. Tennessee is excepted from the order, for the reason that that State has not yet formally seceded. This course of the Postmaster General is under the act in relation to the subject passed at the last session of Congress. Contractors will be immediately notified of the decision. The mails of the South, from Washington, were stopped at the crossing by Federal troops, and returned to the Post-Office here.

George W. Dunn, a well known resident of Washington, reached here lately from the Southern Confederacy, after traveling 1,000 miles by a circuitous route. He is last from Tennessee via. Cairo. He reports that supplies are now entirely cut off from Western Tennessee, and great fears of starvation prevail. At Memphis there were about 3,000 troops, furnished with altered flint muskets from Baton Rouge Arsenal. There are two batteries on the Mississippi between Memphis and Cairo, one six miles from the former place, and the other sixty. Many of the troops are Northern men, who have been impressed into the service. One-half of the soldiers in Memphis refuse to leave the city, and the Governor had issued a proclamation ordering all companies to disband who did not enter the service of the Southern Confederacy. Ammunition was very scarce, and no unnecessary firing was permitted. Two companies in Memphis are composed of chain-gang convicts.

Senator Douglas on the War.

In reply to many inquiries, Senator Douglas sends forth the following noble, manly, and patriotic letter:

Chicago, May 10, 1861.

My Dear Sir:—Being deprived of the use of my arms for the present by a severe attack of rheumatism, I am compelled to avail myself of the services of an amanuensis in reply to your two letters.

It seems that some of my friends are unable to comprehend the difference between arguments in favor of an equitable compromise, with the hope of averting the horrors of war, and those urged in support of the government and flag of our country, when a war is being waged against the United States with the avowed purpose of producing a permanent disruption of the Union and a total destruction of its government.

All hope of compromise with the Cotton States was abandoned when they assumed the position that the separation of the Union was complete and final, and that they would never consent to a re-construction in any contingency—not even if we would furnish them a blank sheet of paper and permit them to inscribe their own terms.

Still the hope was cherished that reasonable and satisfactory terms of adjustment could be agreed upon with Tennessee, North Carolina, and the Border States, and that whatever terms would prove satisfactory to these loyal States would create a Union party in the Cotton States which would be powerful enough at the ballot-box to destroy the revolutionary government, and bring those States back into the Union by the voice of their own people. This hope was cherished by Union men North and South, and was never abandoned until actual war was levied at Charleston, and the authoritative announcement made by the revolutionary government at Montgomery, that the secession flag should be planted upon the walls of the Capitol at Washington, and a proclamation issued inviting the pirates of the world to prey upon the commerce of the United States.

These startling facts, taken in connection with the boastful announcement that the ravages of war and carnage should be quickly transferred from the cotton fields of the South to the wheat fields and corn-fields of the North, furnish conclusive evidence that it was the fixed purpose of the Secessionists utterly to destroy the government of our fathers, and obliterate the United States from the map of the world.

In view of this state of facts, there was but one path of duty left to patriotic men. It was not a party question, nor a question involving partisan policy; it was a question of government or no government, country or no country; and hence it became the imperative duty of every Union man, every friend of constitutional liberty, to rally to the support of our common country, its government and flag, and the only means of checking the progress of the revolution, and of preserving the Union of the States.

I am unable to answer your question in respect to the policy of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. I am not in their confidence, as you and the whole country ought to be aware. I am neither the supporter of the partisan policy nor the apologist for the errors of the Administration. My previous relations to them remain unchanged; but I trust the time will never come when I shall not be willing to make any sacrifice of personal feeling and party policy for the honor and integrity of my country.

I know of no mode by which a loyal citizen may so well demonstrate his devotion to his country as by sustaining the Flag, the Constitution, and the Union, under all circumstances, and under every administration, (regardless of party politics,) against all assailants, at home and abroad. The course of Clay and Webster towards the administration of Gen. Jackson, in the days of nullification, presents a noble and worthy example for all true patriots.

At the very moment when that fearful crisis was precipitated upon the country, partisan strife between Whigs and Democrats was quite as bitter and relentless as now between Democrats and Republicans. The gulf which separated party leaders in those days was quite as broad and deep as that which now separates the Democracy from the Republicans. But the moment an enemy rose in our midst, plotting the dismemberment of the Union, and the destruction of the government, the voice of partisan strife was hushed in patriotic silence. One of the brightest chapters in the history of our country will record the fact that, during this eventful period, the great leaders of the opposition, sinking the partisan in the patriot, rushed to the support of the government, and became its ablest and bravest defenders against all assailants, until the conspiracy was crushed and abandoned, when they resumed their former positions as party leaders upon political issues.

These acts of patriotic devotion have never been deemed evidences of infidelity or political treachery on the part of Clay and Webster, to the principles and organization of the old Whig party. Nor have I any apprehension that the firm and unanimous support which the Democratic leaders and masses are now giving to the Constitution and the Union, will ever be deemed evidences of infidelity to Democratic principles, or a want of loyalty to the organization and creed of the Democratic party. If we hope to regain and perpetuate the ascendency of our party, we should never forget that a man cannot be a true Democrat unless he is a loyal patriot.

With the sincere hope that these, my conscientious convictions, may coincide with those of my friends,

I am, very truly yours,
Stephen A. Douglas.

To Virgil Hickox, Esq.,
Chairman State Dem. Com.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—A proclamation has been issued by the British Government relative to affairs in the United States, warning British subjects against engaging in the American war, and all doing so will be held responsible for their own acts. The proclamation declares the intention of that Government in maintaining the strictest impartiality between England and the United States and the certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America. It warns all British subjects, if they enter the military service of either side, or join ships of war or transports, or attempt to get recruits or fit out vessels for war purposes or transports, or endeavor to break any blockade law, fully or actually established, or carry soldier's dispatches, or any material contraband of war for either party, they will be liable to all the penalties and consequences, and will do so at their peril, and in no wise obtain protection of their Government.

The screw frigate Mersey, forty guns, has sailed for American Stations.

In the British Parliament, Lord Wod's has said that the Government of Spain, at the request of the inhabitants, have accepted the annexation of the island of St. Domingo to her possessions, and that African slavery will not be re-established on this island. The cotton growing company of Jamaica has determined to plant several thousand acres forthwith, so that the crop may be delivered in Manchester before the end of the year.

Tempting offers for the purchase of the steamship Great Eastern are believed to have been made for either the French or American government. A special meeting of the share holders had been called to raise funds or to sell that vessel.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Ewart had asked whether, seeing that privateering was being permitted and encouraged by the Southern Confederation, the American Government had placed a sufficient naval force in the Gulf of Mexico, for the protection of British property in American ships, and if privateers sailing under the flag of an unrecognized power would be dealt with as pirates.

Lord John Russel said that Her Majesty's Government had directed that a naval force for the protection of British shipping be sent to the coast of America. The Government had received from day to day most commendable accounts of the progress of the war in the States of America. The Government heard the other day that the States of the Southern Confederation had issued letters of marque, and it was intended by the United States Government that there should be a blockade of all the Southern coasts. There were some points of law in the case, and they had been referred to the lawyers of the crown for their opinion, in order to guide the Government in its instructions to the Ministers in America and the commander of the Naval Squadron. The Government has felt that it was its duty to use every possible means to avoid taking part in this lamentable contest. Nothing but the imperative duty of protecting British interests in case they are attacked, justifies the Government in interfering at all. We have not been involved in any way in that contest, or by any act, or by giving advice in the matter, and for God's sake let us, if possible, keep out of it.

France.—Constantinople letters assert that the Porte has authorized England to occupy St. Jean D'Arc, under different circumstances. Also, that Sir Bulwer had undertaken to provide funds for sending Turkish troops to Syria.

Fresh instructions regarding Syria have been sent to the Embassador at Constantinople.

It was rumored that it was M. Thiers who wrote the recent pamphlet published by the Duc d' Aumale.

A commercial treaty between France and Belgium had been signed.

The Archbishop of Tours, in a letter to the Minister of Justice, says that the temporal power of the Pope is abolished, and that the Catholic world will hold Louis Napoleon responsible for it.

The French Government are about to send a small squadron into the American waters for the protection of French interests.

The Commissioners from the so-called C. S. A. had an interview with M. Thouvenel, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the 12th of May.

The Chamber of Commerce have called the attention of the French Government to the necessity of taking measures for the protection of French vessels in American waters. The Minister of Commerce, in concert with the Minister of Marine, promised to have a conference with the Emperor on the subject.

Spain.—Correspondence had said that all the towns in San Domingo had issued a pronunciamento in favor of the annexation to Spain.

Italy.—Garibaldi had returned to Caprera.

Large bodies of Italians had embarked at Genoa for Southern Italy, and 3,000 had reached Naples.

Victor Emanuel was about to visit Naples.

The Ex-King of Naples had left Rome for Villa Albano.

The official journals of Rome deny that the Sardinians had made conciliatory proposals to Rome.

Austria.—The Upper House had voted an address in response to the speech from the throne.

A large vote is to be asked to increase the Austrian Navy, and the Ministry of Marine is to be created.

Poland.—The city authorities of Warsaw had tendered their resignations.

It was reported that Gen. Pantam, the Military Governor, and the Gen. Lebasopoy, had been dismissed, and that the former was to be succeeded by Gen. Lambert.

Commercial Intelligence.—*Breadstuffs*.—Liverpool breadstuffs firm, with partial advance. Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour steady. Extra State 28s6d@29s3d. Wheat firm, Red Western advanced 2d and quoted 11s6d@12s10d. White quiet, at 13s@14s6d. Corn firm; yellow 34s6d@34s9d; white 35s@35s6d. Wakefield, Nash & Co. report wheat steady. Corn advancing tendency, and holders demanding an advance of 3d@6d.

Provisions.—Liverpool provisions generally steady. Beef and pork firm. Bacon dull. Lard dull.

The News Condenser.

— Ericsson's air engines are being manufactured in Nottingham.

— A new gold field has been discovered in Australia, in Gippsland.

— Steam canal boats are being introduced on the Dutch and Belgian canals.

— There is a pigeon roost in Jackson Co., Ala., thirty miles long and a mile wide.

— D. Meredith Reese, a prominent physician of New York, died on Monday week.

— The expenditure for rations and pay of a regiment for a month, is about $20,000.

— A fire in New Baltimore, Mich., destroyed $12,000 worth of property. Half insured.

— Charles Welden, associate editor of the New York Times, died suddenly on Friday week.

— One hundred American ships are now engaged in the whale fishery in the Indian ocean.

— The Missouri secessionists are searching all the boats which run from St. Louis to Kansas.

— Two men were drowned in Oneida lake on Wednesday week. Their boat swamped in a gale.

— The sum of $1,000 has been sent from Boston to aid in equipping the Missouri Union volunteers.

— The San Francisco Herald says that live oak in abundance has just been discovered in California.

— The citizens of Des Arc, Ark., have organized a vigilance committee to ferret out negro insurrections.

— England will send a fleet to the American coast to protect her commerce against Jeff. Davis' pirates.

— The Connecticut State Prison is the only institution of the kind in the country which is run at a profit.

— Gen. Bragg has prohibited any letter writing from the C. S. A. army before Pickens to the newspapers.

— The work on the National Capitol has been stopped by order of the Commissioners of Public Buildings.

— Pieces of the Atlantic cable have recently been taken up, and found to be in as good condition as ever.

— Garibaldi has returned to Caprera — whether to till his farm, or prepare for new conflicts, it is not stated.

— The merchandise exports week before last from New York were $2 368,166. Same week in 1860, $939,500.

— New efforts are to be made to invalidate the will of Senator Broderick. The estate is valued at $200,000.

— The Southern press recommends that the Confederate Congress shall proclaim free trade with all the world.

— The Southern papers are all urging their farmers to plant corn, in preference to every other crop, this season.

— The debt due the North from the seceding States is estimated to be at least two hundred and fifty million dollars.

— The Richmond Convention has ordered the creation of a navy for Virginia, to consist of 2,000 seamen and marines.

— Dr. A B Rice, of New Salem, has several ponds filled with trout, from which he supplies a number of large hotels.

— The mail cars on the Virginia and Tennessee roads are now lettered "C. S. Mail," instead of "U. S. Mail," as heretofore.

— A Southern journal thinks that "Jeff. Davis has been prepared by Providence for the great occasion." We hope he has.

— A tender of 2,000 shipwrights has been made by Gov. Morton, of Indiana, to build gunboats for the Lower Mississippi.

— Hon. John J. Crittenden announces that he is unwilling to be considered a candidate for Congress at the ensuing election.

— The British Government is building fifty-five new steamships for the navy. This is precisely what our own ought to be doing.

— A manuscript of John Huss, hitherto unknown, has been discovered by Professor Hofler, in the Imperial Library at Prague.

— The New York Churchman, a religious paper established in 1831, died on Saturday week, in consequence of pecuniary difficulties.

— On the 10th ult., there were lying in the port of New York 36 steamers, 104 ships, 108 barks, 119 brigs, 199 schooners.

— They have got the measles bad at Dover, N. H. There are three hundred cases now, and there is no knowing when it will stop.

— The President has endorsed the action of the Missouri Brigade by issuing a commission of Brigadier-General to Capt. Lyon.

— Horseflesh is regularly quoted in the market prices current of several towns in Germany, not on the hoof, but cut up for food.

— The passengers of the ship Underwriter arrived at New York last week, from Liverpool, numbering 620 persons, are all Mormons.

— The Paris police will not permit women or children, under the age of fifteen years, to drive a carriage in the public streets.

— The cotton receipts show a deficiency of 891,000 bales as compared with last year, and a deficiency of 481,000 bales in the exports.

— A destructive tornado passed over Morris, Grundy Co., Ill., on the 16th ult. Trees were leveled and several buildings destroyed.

— A new projectile has been invented in France, weighing 90 pounds, which, falling in a column of troops, is expected to kill 100 men.

— In Richmond, Va., they are issuing shinplasters for twenty five and fifty cents, and others redeemable in payment for taxes.

— Jefferson Davis, in his late message, confesses that only eight millions of the fifteen million dollars Confederate loan were subscribed.

— The New Orleans Typographical Union has established a fund for the benefit of printers who enlist in the armies of the Confederacy.

— Small change is so scarce in Charleston, there is talk of the City Council issuing shinplasters for ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cents.

— The Southern Steamship Company is temporarily discontinued. Reason, the steamers have been seized by the C S Government.

— The chartered transports now in Government service number 67. They are paid for at the rate of from $100 to $500 each per day.

— A committee of New York gentlemen have offered a prize of $500 for a national hymn, set to music, either original or selected.

— Two men were frozen to death on the 1st day of May, at L'Islet, C. E., while returning from a sugar bush in the vicinity of that place.

— Spurgeon commenced his pulpit career at the age of 10, in a small thatched barn in Cambridgeshire. His popularity remains as great as ever.

— Two of the six American missionaries now in Japan are engaged in making dictionaries, one is at work upon a grammar, and another on a lexicon.

— The Raleigh (N. C.) Standard says the word *reparation* is better than *secession*, "*because many of our people are a little prejudiced against the latter*."

— The largest domes ever made will be those on the new building for the English Exhibition of 1862. They will be no less than 160 feet in diameter.

— Mr. Train has permission of the corporation of Dublin to construct two horse railways on the American plan, leading out of the city to the suburbs.

— The United States propose to terminate diplomatic relations with any power that may acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy.

— Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, writes that he has passed large fields of cotton on the Zambesi, the article having a pile an inch and a half long.

To All Our Readers.

☞ *Back Numbers of this Volume Free!* ☜

To all who subscribe for the RURAL NEW-YORKER from May 1st to end of the Year and Volume — eight months — we will, if desired, send the back numbers (from Jan'y 1st) *Free.* This offer (to be continued for a month, and perhaps until July 1st,) will enable many who were unable to subscribe at the beginning of the year, or later, to secure the entire volume at *less than cost of publication.*

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY — In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

Special Notice.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK. — Pursuant to adjournment of the Annual Meeting for 1861, the Spring Meeting of this Society will be held at the Court House in Syracuse, June 25th, 1861, at 10 o'clock A. M.

By order of the Council. C. P. BISSELL, Secretary.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, May 28, 1861.

FLOUR — Inferior grades from winter wheat have advanced 25 cents during the week. All other brands are at last quotations.

GRAIN — In Genesee wheat we note a decline in choice and a corresponding advance upon the poorer samples. Canada is worth $1.40 for extra. Oats are moving upward slightly. Beans are in demand at an advance of 12@25 cents per bushel.

MEATS are without important change.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter is still going down. Eggs are plenty and drooping.

FRUITS AND ROOTS — Green Apples are advancing and good specimens are scarce. Dried Fruits, with the single exception of Apples, are moving steadily upward.

HAY is somewhat scarce in market, and has taken a decided stand during the week.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	8@9c
Flour, winter wheat,	$5,25@6,75	Honey, box	12@14
Flour, spring do,	5,00@5,25	Candles, box	11@12
Flour, buckwheat,	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	13@13
Meal, Indian	1,00@1,12	FRUIT AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee,	1,18@1,25	Apples, bushel	60@62c
Best white Canada,	0,00@1,40	Apples, dried, ⅌ lb	2@2½
Corn, old	00@46	Peaches, dried, ⅌ lb	11@12
Corn, new	00@45	Cherries, dried	10@11
Rye, 60 lbs. ⅌ bush	55@56	Plums, dried	10@12
Oats, by weight	27@28	Potatoes	75@80
Barley	50@60	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40	Slaughter	3½@4
Beans	$1@1,25	Calf	6@7
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts	50@150c
Pork, Mess	$17,50@18,00	Lamb Pelts	50@62
Pork, clear	20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	6,00@6,00	Clover, bushel	$5 00@5 25
Beef, cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@3,00
Spring lambs, each,	1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@6½c	Wood, hard	$3,00@5,00
Hams, smoked	9½@10½	Wood, soft	3,00@3,00
Shoulders	6½@7	Coal, Lehigh	7,00@7,00
Chickens	9@10	Coal, Scranton	5,75@6,00
Turkeys	11@11	Coal, Pittston	5,75@6,00
Geese	40@50	Coal, Shamokin	5,75@6,00
Ducks ⅌ pair	38@44	Coal, Char	10@12½
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1,40@1,45
Butter, roll	11@12	Hay, tun	9,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	10@11	Straw, tun	0,00@0,00
Cheese	9@11	Wool, ⅌ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	10@10	Whitefish, half bbl.	3,75@4,25
Tallow, rough	5½@6	Codfish, ⅌ quintal	4,00@4,75
Tallow, tried	7½@8	Trout, half bbl.	3,75@4,25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 27. — FLOUR — Market opened quite firm, with only a moderate demand for export and home consumption. Sales at $5,00@5,10 for superfine State, $5,17½@5,25 for extra do, $5 00@5,10 for superfine Western, $5,15@5,35 for common to medium extra do, $5,60@5,65 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio, $5.70@7,25 for trade brands do,—the market closing quiet at about last Saturday's prices. Canadian — A fair business doing, without change in price. Sales at $5,20@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN — Wheat, good sound shipping parcels scarce and 1@2c better, with a fair demand for export, while unsound and inferior are dull and heavy, sales unsound and inferior Chicago spring at $1½ 1,08, common to strictly prime do, at $1,10@1 15, unsound and inferior Milwaukee club at $1,07@1,16, common to strictly prime do, at $1,17@1,22, winter red Western at $1,30@1,35—the inside price for small parcels, Northwestern club at $1,17@1,18, Canada club at $1,21@1,22, white Kentucky at $1 80, amber Iowa at 1,23@1,24, white Western at $1,41@1,75. Rye quiet at 67@68c. Barley dull and unchanged, sales two-rowed State at 63c. Corn in fair demand and new 1@2c better; sales 43@45c for new Western mixed, 52c for new and old do, 55½@56c for white Western, 47c for round yellow, 57½c for Southern yellow, 48@56c for new Western yellow. Oats scarcely so firm, with a fair business doing at 30@33c. for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS — The Pork market is dull and heavy with sales at $17 for mess, $13,00 for prime. The Beef market is unchanged with sales at $4@4,50 for country prime, $5,87@6 25 for country mess, $10@11 for re-packed mess, and $11,25@12,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef is dull with sales at $15,25. Beef hams are quiet at $13@15. Cut meats are dull, with trifling sales at 5½@5½c for Shoulders, and 6½@7½c for Hams. For Lard the market is steady, with sales at 9@9½c. Butter is selling at 9@15c for Ohio, and 10@15c for State. Cheese steady at 3@8c for inferior to prime.

ASHES—The market is unchanged and the demand is fair with sales at $5,37½ for Pots, and $5,62½ for Pearls.

ALBANY, May 27 — FLOUR AND MEAL — The market opened quiet for Flour, and during the morning the sales have been only to a moderate extent principally extra brands at previous prices.

Common to good State,	$5,00@5,10
Fancy and extra State,	5,25@5,60
Common to good Western,	5 37@5,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	5,91@7,25
Extra Ohio,	6,25@7,25
Common Canadian,	5,01@5,65
Extra Canadian,	5,75@7,50
Fancy Genesee,	6,25@6,75
Extra Genesee and city brands,	6,25@7 50
Extra Kentucky	6,25@7 50

Corn meal is lower, with moderate sales at $1,12@1,25 ⅌ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Sales of white Michigan wheat at $1,50 for very choice, white Canadian at $1,45. No sales of Corn. Oats 33@34c for State.

BUFFALO, May 27.—FLOUR—Demand fair and market firm, but quotations unchanged. Sales at $4,87½ for extra Illinois, $5 for extra Wisconsin, $5,25 for double extra do, $5@5,50 for fair to choice extra Indiana and Ohio, $5,62½@6,25 for double extras, and $6 37½@6,50 for favorite brands do for local trade.

WHEAT—In moderate demand and market firm. Sales Milwaukee club Saturday afternoon at 98c, and extra do at $1. This morning red winter Ohio at $1,18 and $1,18½, and choice do at $1,16. Corn—Market quiet but firm. Sales Saturday afternoon at 34c and 35c. No sales reported this morning. Oats—The market is quiet and nominal at 23c. Nothing doing in other grains, and no change to note in quotations.

TORONTO, May 25.—FLOUR — There has not been much done in flour during the week, principally because holders refused to submit to any decline, and the previous European advices were too unfavorable to admit of transactions without some concession — of extras the amount offering has been limited, but of superfine there is a good deal on the market. There is a moderate speculative inquiry at present, but at prices somewhat lower than the views of holders. We quote

Superfine	$4,00@4,00
Extra	4 75@5,00
Fancy	5,00@5,25
Double Extra	6,25@7 00
No 1	4,50@4 65
No 2	4 00@4,25

GRAIN—There has been a continuance of the active demand for white winter wheat for shipment to millers in the Eastern States. The rate has been steady at $1 24@1 28 for good to prime, and $1 20@1 24 for ordinary to good. The average price for the week would not fall far short of $1 25 ⅌ bushel. The sample continues of very high character, and there can be no difficulty in placing such good wheat at the best current rates. Spring wheat has been only in moderate supply from farmers that has found ready sale at $1 ⅌ bushel as an average price, the range however extending from 95c@$1 03 ⅌ bushel. Barley is in very small supply, and the demand is not at all brisk.—Some few loads have sold at 45@47c ⅌ bushel. Peas are in moderately active request, but with meagre supplies. We quote 45@48c, and rarely 50c as current rates. Oats have become very scarce and the price has gone up. The demand is pretty active at 28@30c ⅌ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

ALBANY, May 27 —BEEVES — Although there is a falling off in the supply, as compared with last week, of 900 head, the market is still well stocked and fully equal to the demand. The average quality is somewhat lower, but there are not many third quality droves among the 3,885 head on sale. Prices are down ⅛c ⅌ lb, live weight. Some sellers think it is ¼c ⅌ lb lower, but taking quality into consideration, ⅛c is nearer the mark.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

	This week.	Last week.	Cor week last year.
Cattle	3,884	4,636	3,294
Sheep	3,720	3,738	2,090
Hogs			840

PRICES—The market is quite active at the following prices.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	0 @ 0	0 @ 0
Extra	4½@4¾c	4½@4¾c
First quality	4 @4¼	4 @4¼c
Second quality	3½@3¾c	3½@3¾c
Third quality	2¾@3 c	2¾@3¼c

SHEEP—Supply too large, the demand having slackened very much during the past week. We hear of but two sales — in all 415 head, sheared, averaging 100 lbs. at 4¼c ⅌ lb.

HOGS—Market languid. Corn fed are offered lower, but neglected, stores in light request and pretty firmly held. We quote corn-fed at 4¾c ⅌ lb, stores 5½@5¾c.—*Atlas and Argus.*

TORONTO, May 25.—BEEF—Of first-class character is plentiful at $5.50 ⅌ 100 lbs for the choicest animals, and $4 50@5 for medium. Of inferior there are few offering, farmers preferring to retain their cattle on pasture to improve their condition.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — Sheep are in pretty good demand at $4@5 each. Lambs are becoming more plentiful at $2@2,50.

SHEEP SKINS are steady at $1 for those of recent slaughter — Lamb skins 30 cts. each.

CALVES steady at $3@5.—*Globe.*

NEW YORK, May 22.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality,	$8,50@9,00
Ordinary quality,	8,00@8,50
Common quality,	7,50@8,00
Inferior quality,	7,00@7,50
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality,	$55,00@60,00
Ordinary quality,	40,00@50,00
Common quality,	30,00@35,00
Inferior quality,	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ⅌ lb	6 @6½c
Ordinary quality,	4½@5 c
Common quality,	4 @4½c
Inferior quality,	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality,	$5,00@6,00
Ordinary quality,	4,00@4 50
Common quality,	3,50@4 00
Inferior quality,	3,00@3,25
SWINE.	
First quality,	4½@5 c
Other qualities,	4 @4½c

CAMBRIDGE, May 22—At market 420 cattle, about 400 beeves and 20 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

BEEF CATTLE — Prices, extra, $6,00@6,75; first quality, $5,25@0,00, second quality, $5,50@0,00, third quality, $0,00, ordinary quality, $0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@180.

COWS AND CALVES — $25 $40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $0@0, two years old, $00@00; three years old, $00@00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — 1 815 at market. Prices—In lots $1.50@2,25, extra and selections, $2,75@5,00 each. Spring Lambs from $2,00@5 each.

PELTS—50c@$1,00 each.

TALLOW—5½@6c ⅌ lb.

HIDES—4½@5c ⅌ lb. CALF SKINS—8@9c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$2,00@6.

BRIGHTON, May 23 — At market—1,300 Beef Cattle, 97 stores, 1,001 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,700 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $7 25@0,00; 1st quality, $7,00@0,00, 2d do, $6,50@0 00 3d do $0,00@0 00.

WORKING OXEN—$85, $101@133.

MILCH COWS — $40@51, common, $21@22.

VEAL CALVES — $3,00@5 00.

STORES—Yearlings, $0@0, two-years old, $16@17, three years old, $18@19.

HIDES—4½@5c ⅌ lb.

CALF SKINS—9@10c ⅌ lb.

TALLOW—5½@6c ⅌ lb.

PELTS—25c@$1,25 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1,75, extra, $2,00@3,50.

SWINE—Store, wholesale, 6@7c, retail 6@8c. Fat Hogs, still fed, 4½c; corn fed, 5c. Spring Pigs, 11@11c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 22.—There still continues a light demand for low medium wools suitable for military equipment. Fine wools are neglected. The sales of the week consist of 25 000 lbs of assorted fleeces at 34@42c, and 65 000 lbs of California low medium to fine at 24@30c, and 60 bales of unwashed California at 27c.

American Saxony Fleece, ⅌ lb	50@55
American full blood Merino,	45@48
American half blood and three-fourths Merino,	38@42
American Native and one-fourth Merino,	32@35
Extra Pulled,	36@40
Superfine, Pulled,	30@35
No 1, Pulled,	23@25
Lamb's, Pulled,	28@30
California, extra,	00@0
California, fine, unwashed,	24@33
California, common do,	10@18
Peruvian, washed,	26@34
Valparaiso, unwashed,	12@13
South American Mes. unwashed,	10@23
South American Merino, unwashed,	16@33
South American, common washed,	10@13
South American Entre Rios, do,	12@18
South American, unwashed,	9@10
South American Cordova, washed,	20@22
Cape Good Hope unwashed,	24@28
East India, washed,	12@25
African, unwashed,	9@18
African, washed,	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed,	11@18
Smyrna, washed,	23@26
Mexican, unwashed,	11@14

BOSTON, May 22.—There is a very fair demand for the low and medium grades of both fleece and pulled, but fine wool is dull and neglected.

Saxony and Merino, fine,	47@50	Western mixed,	20@30
Full blood,	44@47	Smyrna, washed,	15@26
¾ and ½ blood,	38@43	Do. unwashed,	9@17
Common,	31@33	Syrian,	10@23
Pulled, extra,	40@45	Cape,	19@30
Do Superfine,	28@30	Crimea,	9@17
Do. No. 1,	22@32	Buenos Ayres,	9@45
Do. No 2,	16@20	Peruvian, washed,	26@30

TORONTO, May 25.—Usually at this time of the year the probable price of wool for the season can be indicated by the orders from the United States manufacturers, which are generally received in the first week of May. This season, however, we believe there is not an order yet to hand, and as far we hear no indication of the rates likely to prevail. The trouble on the other side is thus likely to affect another important staple, and unless the home manufactories, of which there are now a large number, make a difference, the demand is likely to be inactive at low rates. Unfortunately Canadian wool is of too coarse a character for the cloths made for the Canada trade, but as every year has witnessed an improvement, the quality this season may be sufficiently good for a partial use. At present we can give no quotations.—*Globe.*

Married.

In this city, on the 23d inst., by the Rev. J. G. SAXE, MARVIN E. OTIS and Miss JENNY S. ST. JERMAIN, all of this city.

Died.

In Mendon, on Tuesday, May 7th, BENJAMIN ADSIT, formerly a resident of this city, aged 70 years.

Same place, on Friday, May 10th, after a long and painful illness, ANN, wife of BENJ. ADSIT, aged 63 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance — THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

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My Seeds are just as good as those advertised at double the price I ask. My Seeds are imported from one of the best seed houses in Europe, and can be relied on as good.

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This Fork can be used with either ONE OR TWO HORSES. Price, full rigged (with rope and three pulleys,) $12.

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FARMERS of New York, look to your interests, and buy the NEW YORK SELF-RAKING REAPER for the harvest of 1861,

THE CHAMPION REAPER OF THE WORLD.

The principle upon which our Self-Raker works, is simple, sure and perfect, being as certain to perform its work as the sickle is to cut the grain. By successful operation in the harvest field, in competition with hand-raking reapers, it has shown the utility and superiority of its claims. Disarming prejudice of its power, it has been gradually and surely working itself into public favor. The quality of its work has never been questioned.

Simplicity of construction; lightness of draught; and facility for changing from Reaper to Mower, and from Mower to Reaper, are the main points of superiority claimed by the manufacturers of hand raking machines. Upon these points—their favorite ground — we meet them, and say that we can, with our machines, do more work, of better quality, with greater ease, and less power than can be done by any hand-raking Reaper in market, and we are willing to make our assertion good by competition in the harvest field any where and every where.

ADVANTAGES OF A SELF-RAKING OVER A HAND-RAKING REAPER.

IT saves the labor of one man his wages, board, and the drawing of him over the field day after day, merely to do with great exertions, what the Self-Raker can do in a better manner.

Superior Points Claimed for this Reaper.

1. SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION.— In this respect it cannot be equalled.

2. DURABILITY.— It is very strong, and not liable to get out of order.

3. EASE OF DRAFT.—The main wheel is about three feet in diameter, which enables it to pass freely over obstructions, and through dead furrows. The face or tread of this wheel is half a foot wide, which prevents its cutting into the ground. The grain side-wheel is also very large in diameter.

4. ADJUSTABILITY.—The cut can be raised or lowered by the driver, from his seat, while the team is in motion, and the machine in operation. The reel is raised or lowered in half a minute. It is changed from a Reaper to a Mower in *three minutes*, and from a Mower to a Reaper in the same time.

5. EFFICIENCY.—It cuts a swath five feet wide, perfectly clean, in heavy or light, lodged or tangled grain, whether driven slow or fast, laying it off in handsome gavels, out of the way of the team in re-passing.

6. FREEDOM FROM SIDE DRAFT.—It can be drawn, turned round, or backed, as easily as a cart.

7. IT IS PERFECTLY BALANCED—So that it does not chafe the horses' necks.

8. THE OVERHUNG REEL enables this Machine to cut, take up and rake off lodged and tangled grain, better than any other Reaper.

9. POSITION OF THE DRIVER.—The driver's seat is over the main wheel, and no part of his weight is added to the side-draft. He is much more elevated than on other Reapers, and can overlook his work and team.

10. IT IS EASILY MANAGED.—Any good driver, who can manage a team, can use this Reaper. The rake is entirely under his control, and by simply pressing his foot against a lever, he can make the bundles any size he chooses.

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GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE 1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS, In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

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LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

of the State lies within the zone of the cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of tobacco and hemp; and the wheat is worth from fifteen to twenty cents more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanical arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing pursuits.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railways of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses, the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State Debt is only $10,105,398, 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the company have sold 1 300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed thro' these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of the forty nine counties through which it passes was only 335,598; since which 479,293 have been added, making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour, were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse and grow with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 or $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood lands is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

One Year's Interest in advance,

at six per ct. per annum, and six interest notes at six per ct. payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale, the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years, one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

Twenty Per Cent. will be deducted

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner, Chicago, Illinois.

For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GOD BLESS THE VOLUNTEERS.

BY KATE CAMERON.

They have gone forth from our firesides,
Followed by our hopes and fears,
While the burden of our prayer is,
"May God bless the Volunteers!"
And wherever duty calls them,
May He be their guide and shield;
To watch o'er their onward pathway,
And protect them in the field.

They have gone forth to the battle
For the Truth and for the Right;
'Gainst the mighty hosts of Error
To maintain a valiant fight,
And they bear the sacred banner
'Neath whose folds our Fathers bled,
The same stripes are brightly blended,
The same stars shine overhead.

They have gone forth with our blessing,
And left lonely hearts behind,
But beyond long months of absence
Better days we hope to find,
When their foot-steps homeward turning,
We shall welcome them once more,
Laden with their well-earned laurels,
Telling all their conquests o'er.

They have gone forth to the struggle,
We are left at home to pray,—
And if God vouchsafes an answer,
They will surely win the day.
Then let us still cheer them onward,
Give them smiles instead of tears,—
While the echo of each heart-throb
Is—"God bless the Volunteers!"

Rochester, May, 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE FRENCH ORPHAN.

BY JESSIE CARTER.

Alone, and yet in the very heart of a great city,—of all places to a stranger the loneliest. Twilight was fast drawing nigh, and the tide of human life ebbed and flowed,—the busy hum of men hastening each to his home and fireside,—but poor Aline had not place nor shelter, and her heart was nigh bursting with its weight of grief.

Strange, that in the midst of so much grandeur and wealth, one must feel, at her early age, the bitterness of poverty and desolation. She had walked many miles that day, and her feet were weary and sore. Her dress, which at morning was so fresh and clean from Nurse Mabon's hands, was tattered and soiled from the bushes where she had searched for berries, and no one would recognize in one little wanderer the favorite of the School Minot. People stared at her as she sat upon the marble steps to the fountain in the park, and she searched each new face, striving to catch some look of interest or kindness which might give her confidence to ask for comfort and assistance; but all wore the same "how-came-you-there" expression, and passed on.

A policeman, jostling among the crowd, frowned at her, and touching her with his stick, motioned her to leave her resting-place; and poor Aline started once more, with great effort, on her sad pilgrimage, knowing not, nor hardly caring, where. To the mansions of the rich she would not go—no, no; and she shuddered at the thought of the cold reception she would meet, gaining, perhaps, a wise reproof, or advice. So, bending her steps down a quiet, unfrequented street, she walked as rapidly as her tired limbs would carry her. She found this street led quite away from the city, to the river bank, where rows of pleasant though humble cottages extended, and she cried tears of joy, so much did they remind her of her own sunny France, with their trellised porches and vine-clad windows. Through the little diamond panes the candle-light within revealed their occupants flitting to and fro, and Aline stepped in front of one to gain courage to enter. Thinking lest she should again meet with contempt, she peeped through the latticed door, and there saw the only occupants of the room were two persons, and encouraged by this she knocked two or three little taps.

The door was quickly opened by a young man, or rather boy, of her own age she thought, who saluted her respectfully, and asked her to walk in. An elderly woman, his mother, came forward to meet her, asked her to take off her wrappings, and come near the fire. Tears filled the young girl's eyes at this kindness, and her heart went forth in love and admiration to the good Dame Marguerite. She, in a few words, told her that she was an orphan, had met with unkindness from her friends, and had come to New Orleans to support herself. Poor child, the good dame said, stroking her head kindly, and bidding Jean stir the fire and hasten to cook the fowl for their supper. She thought how *her* Minna, who lay in the little churchyard in her native land, might, had she lived, been thus thrown upon a cold world, friendless and alone; and her heart warmed with pity for the poor orphan, and she bade her be happy and contented, for she should have a home with her until she found employment or friends. Grateful and relieved by this kindness, Aline experienced new feelings of peace and joy, and soon, seated at the little supper table, felt quite at home with these two new friends. She ate with a hearty relish, and laughed like her own self before many minutes had passed.

After the meal, attired in one of the dame's chintz wrappers, large enough for two of Aline's size, and a pair of her stout shoes,—her feet quite swollen,—she rested upon the lounge, the mother and son endeavoring to interest and amuse her. Spying a guitar in the corner, she asked Jean if he could play. He blushed, and awkwardly denied any skill, when his mother bade him try and sing one of her favorite songs. After tuning the instrument, he played several little airs familiar among Southrons, and then, striking a few chords, sang a French melody,—one Aline had learned in her own early home, and sang to her father in years gone by. Now hearing it in a strange land, in her native tongue, it seemed like an old friend come to cheer and sustain her, and she again thanked Jesus for his protection and love. When Jean finished, she took the guitar from him, and, playing an exceedingly difficult accompaniment, sang, in French, the Vesper Hymn and chant of her church. Surprised at this, the good dame blessed herself, while Jean, transported by her execution and voice, sat in awe and delight.

"And you are from our own beautiful France?" they asked, as the last sweet tone died away. "We might have known," they exclaimed, and after talking of home and olden times, the hours sped by until the dame, rebuking herself for keeping the dear child up so late, showed her a neat little chamber, and bidding her "Good night," left Aline to rest. Sleep did not come to her until the wee hours of the night, and then troubled dreams haunted her pillow. Tired Nature triumphed at last, and daybreak found her slumbering peacefully.

Aline could scarcely collect her scattered thoughts as she awakened and found herself in the little, low chamber, with its slanting roof and plastered walls,—its latticed window uncurtained save by the climbing vines. Only one day before she had rested in the luxuriant planter's mansion, and shared the sumptuous bounty of pride and wealth. How changed, and yet she experienced such a sense of relief in the thought that she was no longer to be dependent. Dressing herself quickly, after repeating her simple matins she descended to the kitchen, where she was greeted by Marguerite, and they soon sat down to partake of their simple breakfast. During this meal, Aline made inquiries of Jean as to the possibility of her obtaining employment in teaching music and drawing, as she wished to support herself in this way. He told her that he was going to a wealthy gentleman's residence to trim his vineyard, and if she chose to accompany him, he was almost sure of her gaining his interest and patronage. Pleased with this prospect, Aline readily acceded to the proposal, and in less than an hour they were at the house of Mr. Neville. Jean asked to see this gentleman, or his wife, and the servant led them to a room where the family were at breakfast, and a happy group they were. Aline made known her errand, and her modest hesitancy won her the affection of the family. Mrs. Neville led the way to a music room, and pointing to an open piano, asked her to play. Aline inquired if they wished her to sing, and after her singing "Ave Maria," they insisted upon her continuing until they saw she was weary. Then Mr. Neville, after asking questions about her former home, told her that he would be glad to have her come daily and teach his children,—that she should be well paid,—that he was glad to find such a gifted teacher for them. Aline could not believe that all was real,—wondered if it could be that she had lost her identity. She hastened back to Dame Marguerite's to tell her of her success, and her joy was increased by the warm sympathy she met from her friend.

"You must live here with Jean and I, and be to me what my baby Minna would have been," said the good woman, and Aline felt in her heart that she was sincere in these words.

She soon became happy and contented in her new home, and if thoughts of the past,—of her school-days and school-friends, troubled her, and made her sad, she drove them away in thought of her dear uncle, who had died in a far off clime, neglected and uncared for,—who had brought her to this western land to be taught and instructed, that she might be fitted to return with him to dwell in her childhood's home,—who had written her of his coming, and joyously anticipated meeting his long-absent niece, but who only left France to meet with sickness and death on a lonely island.

On the day which was to have brought her uncle, came the sad tidings that he was left, with twenty others, to die with a raging epidemic. Aline's grief knew no bounds. She was spending her vacation with some relatives, and looked to them for sympathy and help. Days glided by, yet no other tidings, and then came the crushing thought that she was *alone*. Her young friends, finding a great difference in the friendship of a wealthy heiress and a poor French girl, gradually cooled in their attention to her, and at last openly expressed their changed sentiments. Stung by their ingratitude and deceit, Aline could stay with them no longer, and after a spirited rebuke left them and their home, to share the bitterness and toil of a life of labor and independence.

Here, in this humble dwelling, she remained secure and peaceful, and days occupied by her lessons and painting, sped swiftly away,—even months passed, and the warm southern sun was wooing the buds again to blossom. Aline had often heard Dame Marguerite talk of her sailor-boy,—a son older than Jean,—who was mate on a packet from New Orleans to Havre. He had now been absent nearly a year, and the mother's heart was at times filled with sad forebodings as to his fate. In her simple faith she nightly prayed for him, and commended him to the care of the Virgin, trusting in Providence that her child would be spared.

One morning, as Aline sat at her window, plying her needle busily, and listening the while to the merry lay of the birds, she heard a heavy step on the threshold below,—a quick cry of greeting from Marguerite, and a loud voice in reply.

In a few moments her kind hostess came up stairs, bringing the tidings of her son Robin's safe arrival,—that he was really at home, and she insisted upon Aline's going down to greet him, which, of course, she was ready to do. As Dame Marguerite introduced her as Aline Dunois, she noticed he looked surprised, and returned her salutation in an awkward, absent-minded way. In a moment he repeated the name, "Aline Dunois," remarking,—"I have heard of you, I am sure." After a few moments reflection he said,—"I am right,—you must be the neice of M. Perrine; but how came you here?" Startled and assayed to hear this stranger speak so familiarly of her dear uncle and of herself, she questioned him as to how he knew who she was. He told her he had sailed many a voyage with her uncle, and that on his return trip they had both been attacked with the same illness, and left with many others upon an island. M. Perrine had lain in a dying condition many days, but his life was spared to him, and he had spent months in his chamber before he was allowed to walk abroad, and that he had just left the island to come to America, a month before. Robin had stayed there until the packet he sailed with stopped at the island, and was there two or three days after M. Perrine left.

Greatly agitated by these tidings, Aline knew not what to do, nor did she know where her uncle might be by this time. Disappointed and heartbroken at finding his neice gone, he had perhaps returned to France; at last she determined to apply to Mr. Neville for advice and assistance. She had never told him her whole story, and his surprise was very great at learning how the little music teacher had been reared in luxury and wealth, and she became quite a heroine in their eyes. Mr. Neville addressed a letter to M. Perrine, also one to the school Minot, stating where Aline could be found, and the circumstances of her flight. Days passed by like weeks to Aline, and suspense was torturing enough. One evening, as the little group were gathered around the tea-table, a knock came at the door, and as Aline was nearest she jumped up to open it. A cry of delight escaped from her lips as a tall form stooped to embrace her, and Dame Marguerite quickly guessed that the long lost uncle was restored.

Joy reigned in two hearts at least in that little cottage, and Aline could hardly believe her happiness real. Mr. Neville called upon her uncle and related to him, in terms of warmest praise, the conduct of his little niece,—inviting them to make his house their home until the time arrived for their return to France. Aline would not accept of this, though grateful for the attention. Her uncle could hardly express his thanks to the good Dame Marguerite for her kindness and care of his Aline. Before his departure from America, he purchased the little house and grounds where she dwelt, and gave them to her as a token of gratitude from Aline. To Jean he gave an amount sufficient to educate him in the art he loved so much—music. Aline never heard from her cruel relatives, nor did she wish to. She has returned to her native land, and though gay and fashionable, she never forgets the poor; and when she sees a homeless wanderer, pities her, remembering the time when she was alone in a strange land, homeless and friendless.

Chicago, Ill., 1861.

MISS MARY'S BLUE HAT.

My friend Kelley was walking down Main street, Milwaukee, last autumn, in a brown study upon some abstruse subject, his vision horizontal and vacant, his step rapid and careless, when just as he had forded one of the cross streets and had lifted one foot to place it upon the curb-stone, a big but cowardly yellow dog came sweeping along, followed by a black animal of the same species. The yellow dog whizzed past him, but the black specimen, oblivious to all things but the object of pursuit, as every dog should be on such an occasion, and, possibly, somewhat under the control of his own momentum, struck Kelley's perpendicular leg while the other was walking, and knocked it out from under him. My friend went down instanter. His glossy beaver bounced upon the pavement, and continued its journey. Spectacles danced, jingling into the gutter, while his shawl struck against a shopman's window like a paper pellet on a wall.

Kelley gathered himself together, picked himself up, and looked after the dog who had done the mischief, expecting to find him "hove to" in canine dismay at the accident he had caused; but, to his utter astonishment, the animal seemed as regardless of his equilibrium as of any other trivial matter, and was making after the aforesaid yellow dog at as great speed as though he had not tipped over the best fellow in Wisconsin.

While my friend was down, a clear, musical, girlish laugh had rung out upon the air. It was so evidently spontaneous, so charmingly musical, was so suddenly checked, and had withal so good a cause, that Kelley could scarcely be angry or even disconcerted.

When the gentleman had recovered from his surprise at the heedlessness of the quadruped, he bethought him of the music. There were half a dozen ladies in view; but by a trigonometrical calculation he reached the conclusion that the laugh must have come from either a dainty little blue hat with delicate, straw-colored trimmings, or a decidedly sober and ancient brown one—the two being in junction. Of course he fastened upon the blue hat; for never since the flood did a grave, unfashionable bonnet, give out such gushing laughter as that.

Kelley was not a city gentleman—not he. He was a squire in a rural town, a leader of town affairs. A man of mark, to whom the village politicians looked for shrewdest counsel, on whom abused people looked for advice and redress, in whose hands friendless widows put the management of their scanty estates, sure that all would be done for them and the little orphans that tact, fidelity, and a warm heart could accomplish.

The blue hat was a city hat, and the brown hair it covered, together with the hazel eyes that sparkled in front of it, were of city growth. But the sober, brown bonnet was a rural affair, and the lady under it was a rural aunt of good dimensions, both in person and heart. Before the catastrophe which brought out the laughter, the aunt was listening attentively to the little lady's very eager request that she would try and procure her a school near her country home; after the accident, the brown bonnet gave a very appropriate and impressive lecture on the impropriety of laughing out that way, "when the street was full of folks."

"Why, who could help it auntie? Did you ever see anything so funny? Laugh! *I* didn't laugh—it laughed itself. O, dear," and then the little figure trembled from hat to slipper under the shaking of suppressed merriment. Indeed, to escape another lecture, she had to cover lips, nose, and eyes almost, in scented linen cambric.

"Well, you see, auntie," said the little blue hat, recurring to the former topic, "father isn't rich, indeed I don't think he is as well off as he seems to be; and the family is large—all girls, too, just a bill of expense, you know, and I don't like to have father furnish me music lessons any longer, for I know he can't afford it. But I wouldn't give my music for the world; only I want to pay part of the expense myself. Father isn't able, he looks more and more care-worn every day. I am really afraid," and here the voice fell and became very serious, "I am really afraid things are going wrong with him. Besides, I want to be *doing* something, I'm a better girl when I feel that I am not a drone, and dependent. Yes, auntie, I must and will have a school—there! Will you help me?"

The brown bonnet caught the girl's enthusiasm, and promised.

You must have known, reader, from the brief description of my friend Kelley, that he was the Town School Superintendent. Who else was so well qualified to look after the interests of the public schools?

One morning, at six o'clock,—my friend rises at five, and has a good fire in his office, and an appetite for breakfast at six,—a rap fell upon the outer door. Kelley rose and opened it.

"Good morning ladies! walk in."

The brown bonnet said "good morning" with dignity; the blue hat pronounced the same blessing timidly; and both walked in.

"My niece would like to be examined to take the school in our district."

"Certainly," said Town Superintendent, laying the poker on the table. "Certainly, your aunt—beg pardon—your niece shall be examined, madam. Warm morning, ma'am,"—wiping the perspiration from his face with a sheet of blotting paper.

"Bless you! it's the coldest morning we've had this fall," said the astonished aunt. "Why, Mary's face has been like a peony, all the way, ridin' in the wind. Just look at it."

There was no need; for my friend had seen something more than the blue hat, some minutes before.

"Certainly, madam, certainly—very red—I mean very cold indeed, ma'am, very."

The Town Superintendent was not long, however, in getting better possession of his faculties; and at length the examination commenced.

"Your residence, if you please," said Kelley, blandly.

"Milwaukee," timidly.

"May I ask where you where educated?" continued the questioner, looking for once into the eyes which were sparkling, despite the blushing, embarrassed features.

"In the public schools, sir."

"Did you graduate?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I look at your diploma?"

The lady handed a roll tied with a blue ribbon. Kelley tried hard to untie it, but soon got the knot in a very bad fix. The pretty fingers of the blue hat were called into requisition, and the knot was conquered close before him under his eyes. Opening the roll—

"Mary Denver! Is that your name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father's name?"

"Charles."

"Merchant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, I was clerk in his store when you were a child. He was the noblest employer I ever had; made me all I am. I mean that he made me upright—for that is all I am, anyway."

Kelley promised her a certificate—said he would bring it over the next day; which he did.

During the whole term he was very faithful in official visits to the school; and just before the close of the session, my friend said—

"Mary, I wouldn't teach any more."

"O, I must. I like it; and besides, I hav'nt accomplished half I want to, yet."

"What do you want to accomplish?"

"I want to continue my music."

"What else?"

"I want to clothe Minnie."

"What else?"

"I want to feel that I am useful, that I am *doing* something."

"*I* want to hire you, Mary; and will pay you wages that will enable you to do all this."

"You want to hire me! What can I do for you?"

"Keep my house, and be my wife, Mary." And then the Town Superintendent got his arm around Mary's waist and held her tight, though she struggled a little at first.

"Let me go a minute, and I will tell you."

He released the little figure, and Mary stood before him, trembling, blushing, twining the strings of the blue hat around her fingers, looking down upon the floor, glancing once into his earnest eyes, her breast rising and falling till the cameo swayed like a ship upon billows.

"Do you love me?"

"With my whole soul."

"Did you ever love anybody else?"

"Never, in all my life."

"Can a little girl like me"—looking earnestly in his face—"can a little girl like me, devoted, loving you almost to reverence, make you happy always?"

"No one in all the world but you."

The little maiden stepped close to his side, and hid herself under his arm.

That jaunty blue hat is in a favorite closet of my friend's new house, in a glass case, on the upper shelf.—*Springfield Republican.*

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 58 letters.

My 3, 6, 4, 8, 17, 29 was one of the capital cities of the Philistines.
My 7, 50, 21, 50 was the eldest son of Shem.
My 10, 21, 52, 46, 41, 29, 30, 15 were twice given to make idols of.
My 33, 25, 52 was a principal city of Moab.
My 16, 21, 22, 29, 21 was food for the Hebrews.
My 16, 14, 11, 46, 57 was worn by the priests.
My 9, 21, 18, 56 was beheaded by Nero.
My 1, 21, 47, 32, 48 were used in offerings.
My 2, 34, 16, 21, 29 was a chief singer in the reign of David.
My 3, 6, 12, 35, 46 was a wall and tower of Jerusalem.
My 54, 48, 25, 21, 13 was one of David's worthies.
My 4, 37, 48, 31, 30 was the grandfather of Abraham.
My 22, 24, 16 28 was an idol of the Chaldeans.
My 42, 36, 44, 53, 22, 43 were used to lift frankincense on the altar.
My 27, 20, 35, 45, 23, 21, 42 was an impostor.
My 10, 32, 48, 38, 41, 45, 20 is the Latin name of Silas.
My 24, 32, 16, 39, 55, 40, 22 was given to the Reubenites.
My 50, 55, 8, 61 was an entertainer of strangers.
My whole is a proverb for busy bodies.

Washington, Mich., 1861. Isadore.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A RIDDLE.

I'm a stranger, was never here before,
I soon shall leave to come again no more.
My time is short, I have great work on hand
Now waiting for me in a distant land.
My disposition is almost always mild,
I would not even hurt the smallest child,
Unless aroused to anger, then beware,
For I bite like sixty, and never spare.
My head and tail are dark, with streaks of gray,
My body is more light, so people say;
But, after all, what seems to be most queer,
You need not look for me, I'm always here.

Yorktown, West. Co., N. Y. Theodosius White.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THAT GEOGRAPHICAL QUERY.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having seen a question in the Rural, some time since, in the following import:—"Where does the river Cassaquiare rise, which way does it run, and where does it empty," I found it to be a natural paradox, and having no knowledge of it at the time, I hunted up all the light possible, and taking advantage of its re-issue, I will give the result of my investigations. In the Plains of Esmeralda, a short distance below that village, the river Orinoco, then running in a nearly direct westerly course, is divided,—the main body going in a northwesterly direction, while a stream 300 feet in width, separating from the main river, runs in a southwesterly direction, and after receiving the waters of the river Pacimoni and some other streams, and running 180 miles, it empties into the river Rio Negro near San Francisco Solano, being at its mouth 1,600 feet in width. The immense importance of this canal, as dealt upon by Humboldt and Herndon, render the study of its course a pleasant and interesting task, and one worthy of consideration. The best work in which I have seen an account of it, is in the Life of Humboldt, and in Herndon's "Valley of the Amazon." Such questions as this are frequently of great use in bringing to our consideration subjects which might otherwise lie dormant, though mentioned in some of the narratives of enterprising adventurers, to whom hordes of mosquitoes, and the thorny llanas of the Cassaquiare, formed but a trifling impediment. I hope, therefore, that the Rural will continue in future to insert all questions that will be of interest to its subscribers. Samuel A. Purdie.

Columbus, N. Y., 1861.

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Answer to Queer Charade:—Pictorial.
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